

# BOYS' LIFE

**NOW 10 CENTS**

Published by the Boy Scouts of America

JANUARY 1934



Mystery: *As a Mau Speaks*  
Hockey: *Defend the Goal!*

Adventure: *Prisoner of the Polar Pack*  
Indians: *Oregon or Bust*  
Animals: *Of Crook-Foot's Sentence*

Science: *Volcanic Steam*  
School: *High Strategy*

# At Our Expense

**WHEN** we published a couple of columns of letters from readers, on this page, in one of last year's issues of **BOYS' LIFE**, we had an idea what a flock of answering letters it would bring in. We received answers from one or two of them, and promised to give you some more later on. So here they come.

Jackson, Tennessee.

Condensed

I read a great deal and buy every month **Boys' Life** and run other reader magazines but boys. After just a few pages called "So Our Expense" I decided that more time I would find out which magazine was most interesting to me. Counting 5 cents as the most for each story, department, etc., I added the various items of all three have magazines, with the following results:

<b>Boys' Life</b> .....	65 points
<b>Second Boy Magazine</b> .....	50 points
<b>Third Boys' Magazine</b> .....	45 points

Yours very truly,

Frank E. Caldwell, Jr.

Here is an interesting word that comes to us from one of the World Brotherhood boys:

Dear Sir:

I am a year's subscriber of **Boys' Life** in a French correspondence of mine in Guelberville, Morocco, and he said in his last letter: "The reason I haven't sent you a French magazine is because I haven't time to collect one do not have any magazine which is in interesting and so easy to read." When a French boy says an American magazine is easy to read—well—keep up the good work!

Sincerely yours,

Edgar Elmerick.

But don't think for one moment that all our letters have that much sense in them! Here is one, for instance, that came from New York City. Just so we were all set to get ourselves on the back for spreading international goodwill, too.

Dear Editor:

With a deep feeling of regret I read a recent number of **Boys' Life** which contained three stories and one article full of fighting, hatred and bloodshed. Sadness, rife and lasting gloom seemed to be the major interest of the stories and are not reflected in the amazing show of piety and friendship among men. A prime capital, wisdom and reason in the characters depicted in, I feel, in order. Yours for peace and more of it.

Mark Garabedian.

Well, it's hard to please everybody. We don't think we're so blood-thirsty, ourselves, even if we do like a good fight once in a while. As fact, we sometimes wonder if we aren't too noble and good, and all that!

But here's another sort of international comment, to effect that last letter.

Your book is 1200 miles to every Scout and boy. Whether it is in Canada, U.S.A., or any other place I am a subscriber of **Boys' Life** looks that I know it, and the price—well, tell me!

W. H. J. Brown, Southampton,  
and Scott, Somerset Club,  
Oshawa, Ontario, Canada.

Here's a Philadelphia Scout who wants more Indian stories.

Dear Sir:

There are some stories I especially enjoy reading. They are as follows: Sport, Camping, Rhythmic, and Indian Lore. I am especially interested in Indian stories. My dad and uncle enjoy reading my copies of **Boys' Life** very much and they are very happy when they come to the end of a good story. My mother has often told me that she finds the stories and fun quickly for her. I would like time to go on to leave.

Joseph Michel, Tropic 331.

P.S.—I think every boy is interested in love stories.

So do and Dad like it too, do they? Anyway, we believe you. What's more, here's another letter to back you up, that came in with a subscription renewal.

Dear Dr. West:

I am enclosing a renewal for my subscription. I really enjoy **Boys' Life**. Even if I am a girl, I love to receive a copy of **Boys' Life** every month. When I had to decide between **Boys' Life** and a magazine

for girls, I chose **Boys' Life** because I like the stories better.

Yours truly,  
Katherine Meyer

Recently Kathryn agrees with Sir. And here's a complimentary vote for Dad, too.

When **Boys' Life** comes each month you will tell me that I never get back in work that afternoon as I have to stay home and read it. It certainly is most popular for boys, and boys of 45 years are subscribers, too.

J. L. Harter

As far as that goes, we can even quote from a letter that the Division of Westchester, Massachusetts, wrote us:

"In this library **Boys' Life** is read all in pieces. The oldest boy who reads it, says well, it was worthy."

It is interesting to discover, from the different letters, that each part of the magazine has its own particular readers. For example, Walter Shuman, of Laredo, Texas, writes:

I am a stamp collector, so naturally am a single word on the Stamp Page is like a word.

And Scott Lloyd Jones, of Arkansas City, Kansas, writes:

Almost the first thing that I want to when I get a new number of your magazine is your "Think and Grow" column. I always skip it because the price is it is not value. I think that I just to the "Where to Look For" column of advertisements. I only took a last year's subscription to **Boys' Life** for trial and now I am in the magazine 1935, and I am renewing it for another year.

Thank you for getting too many bouquets! Loved an Independent Mother writes us.

Here is the comment of a 15-year-old son who is interested in **Boys' Life** the other day. "You are a chump! You can't half the size it is to be!"

All we can say to that is: Little old 15-year-old son is just plain wrong. He have been rather proud of the fact that, even during the very hot part of the depression, there hasn't been a single issue of **Boys' Life** with less than 50 pages. We think that's quite a record! (Check up on other large magazines if you don't think so too.)

Kenneth W. Rhoads of Detroit, Michigan, evidently feels he isn't being cheated. Enjoy's his letter:

I am an ardent reader of **Boys' Life**. I enjoy the magazine very much and prefer it to any boys' magazine on the market. However, I do not think you have enough refined stories in it. I would be very much obliged if you would publish more of this type of story.

We have a good answer to that. There'll be at least three railroad stories in **Boys' Life** during 1935.

And here's a request from another Kenneth—Kenneth Hilde, of Soham, Kansas:

I like **Boys' Life** very much. I believe it would be appreciated if you would print a story of the great famous writer in the Middle West.

We like to get requests like that. Usually, sooner or later, we fulfill them.

But here's what Arthur Dorsey has to say:

Dear Sir:

I think your magazine has been improving month by month. It's almost as good as the "American Boy".

Say!

Let's talk hardheartedly to the editors of **Boys' Life**, of **Opportunities**, of **Opportunities**.

**Boys' Life** is the finest magazine I have ever read. Last year in English we had to make various clippings from magazines. The list from which we could make these clippings was selected by the teacher, and was very limited, but **Boys' Life** was on it. I made some old copies and easily completed my assignment.

To read up on, here's a paragraph of a letter from Mr. George W. Hunter, of Tampa, Florida, whose name are named Payson and Thomas:

We have copies of **Boys' Life** that date from 1922, when I first took it for Payson. I think the Thomas has more every one of them many times. He is an excellent reference to them. I think I should have them bound for him since he gives them so highly.





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When answering advertisements please mention BOYS' LIFE

Troop

January

# BOYS' LIFE

For all Boys — Published by the Boy Scouts of America



## OREGON OR BUST

By F. Douglas Hawley

ILLUSTRATED BY REMINGTON SCHUYLER

"CATCH UP, catch up your mates! We're bound through Devil's Gate today, folks. Next week we'll be in Oregon, in spite of thunderstorms, quicksands and red varmints! Hitch up your mates!"

### PART I

THE hoarse, blustering voice of wagon team captain John Blucher boomed across the oval of twenty stretched Oregon wagon, so he echoed back by the eight-foot sides of that famous track-side company of emigrant women, Independence Rock. There were water-ketches and great horns lighted up with happy salutations at the words. Ragged children cheered with glee.

Only one close-shaven bearded face seemed to feel to respond to the optimistic prophecy. Scattered with an emigrant family, by one of the outcrops was a lean young stranger. His long-limbed white buckskin hunting shirt and trousers and beaded moccasins contrasted sharply with the rugged dress and colors, russet boots and hair that of the emigrants about him. Only his fair-crowned grey

hair and well-pinked against life seemed to identify him with those people.

At the words of the wagon boss, he ended his thoughtful eyes to hide those dangerous glances, and the crew's feet deepened at their remark. Slowly he placed the last of the mangle blanket of horse and dry bread in his mouth and wiped his fingers on a bit of burlap grass as he turned toward his mate, a look of awe.

The father was a backwood, hollow-checked giant with washed-out blue eyes and long yellow, drooping whiskers. The wife was slender and pale, but seemed possessed with a willowy strength and a driving force that kept three ten-banded boys in place while she managed her outdoor housework with patient skill. The youngsters were full of life, ragged, barefooted, but surprisingly clean for that kind of little water and much dirt. The stranger smiled at the family group.

"Thanks mighty for the meal, folks. Red head is a treat to us hungry mountain men, who must live on nothing much but fresh meat."

Those little and longer looked down-turned lips as the round eyes began to blink. The young man chuckled as he watched them, but his eyes took on a speculative look as he noted their peered little horns

and the pale skin of the mother. "I reckon maybe y'all boys are looking for some fresh meat. Some nice, juicy bunnies or something else would put something besides corn-cake into those cheeks."

"No, now, stranger," depended the father. "Don't go to get yourself out for the likes of us. The thing fairly ran right out on horns, black-dog and something until we got to Oregon. Glad to have you at dinner to what little vittals we have any time you stop in, son."

"You are real white folks, Mr. Blucher, but my father showed us little Blucher how to lead a band when we could, too—until The Lord bit his head." William Blucher's soft voice took on a steady quality as he stirred the hot phlox.

"The Lord!" broke in the oldest ten-band, a boy of ten. "There's a hard pointed over there as 'The Lord,' along with all the other names?" The boy waved toward the granite side of Independence Rock.

"There is!" Young Blucher arose with the yell, apple core of a wolf. Like a wolf, too, he leaped, as his jaw thrust forward and his muscles rippled beneath the white hunting shirt. Not without cause had the observed wagers of the Oregon country named the pale-horn stranger, "White Wolf." As his nose bristled grey eyes flicked toward the long mound of rock, the black-banded face of the lead-mounted wagon team captain, attracted between.

Blucher, with a yell, remembered his primary mis-

don with the wagon train. It was well enough to count him to make shortest answer about "The Train," but he knew that was not the principal reason he had ridden out of his cave to intercept this wagon train on the frontiers. He relied on his business loop enough to encounter the startled journey at his belt.

"Well, make a trade tell me, shortly. There are that hard games and I'll hang you some fresh meat. But there is another matter that never first told until I get back."

WITH the darkness of a veil he glided forward toward the wagon team. His strong jaws thrust forward and he let his words off with a snap that contrasted sharply with his usual soft drawl. "Well, Barker, what's the word? You're back again I made in at daylight to pick it over. Are you going to accept my offer to guard your wagon train over the mountains with the help of a widow of your young men? I brought you word that the Bonanza and I've—"

Barker swung around to face the little young stranger with a grin.

"Ernest? You here yet?" Sturdy Blaker's dark-colored eyes twinkled in amiable disapproval over the immediate claim of the White Wolf, showing perhaps on the beautiful and well-preserved cheekbones a malice on dirt and an ugly death.

"Pet! Barker you're mighty lucky for a renegade mountain man's bet. I told you I accompanied them through the Bonanza. Blaker's kid said

about the fifty black dogs I gave you tell about Barker. Barker hung out for the benefit of the gathering rogues, "besides, dallas is too hard come for to waste on a young dandy tricked out by some Indian spy."

Although "White Wolf" Blaker had seemed to count his fingers in the hard school on Indian trading, it was with difficulty that he restrained himself from hurling his little body upon the lady boss of the wagon train captain. Only the thought of the criminal woman and children held him in check.

"Captain, there isn't any call for us to trade. I am not asking money to help you folks to Oregon. All I ask is a chance to show your young men how to keep a proper score of respect to guard your train from modern band. I'm a white man and as America, and we need Americans in Oregon if we are to hold the country. We don't want wagon trains massacred in those mountain passes. If I seem to be too free with alpine, remember that I know the tongue of the Indians out here and the character of the country ahead."

THE crowd was rapidly pressing close about the two men. Through the group glided a big, un-bought youth with a cool mouth and flashing eyes. The newcomer thrust his face close to Blaker.

"I include you young men don't need no horses from the likes of you! How do we know the Indians didn't send you here to lead us into a trap? Better take your powder, apine man, while you're in our power!"

Before Blaker could answer this new antagonist, the broadest young body was thrust back into the

crowd by a huge red hand. In this place stood a smiling youth with twinkling blue eyes peering over a suit of steel whiplashes.

"Blake, your face is a shock, stranger. That Blaker didn't mean anything much by his loud talk. That's just his way of showing how tough a lad he is. My sense's first-right to shake your jaw, Blake. We've simply glad you dropped in on us. No harm as it didn't end up anything. For sure Blaker here will be glad to have you help us."

A chorus of approval arose on every side, although there were a few dissenting voices among the more wicked and well-versed, particularly among the younger men without family ties. Blaker smiled awkwardly as he noticed the girl Blaker one of the younger of his people. Evidently Blaker was one of that queer company of men who must have a full house and will pay any price to get it. Barker heard his thick lips smile his dark head.

"No harm in talking it over tonight, I reckon. Call the crowd together when we camp up this afternoon, Scott. In the meantime some of the young men will try to look most as we move along. Besides, you can take two fellows with you and look for trouble."

Blaker turned to Blake.

"Any more men over here, stranger?" he asked. "I reckon we can take care of ourselves" necessarily heard him as he was regarded to two companions to follow him.

BLAKE shrugged his shoulders as he turned his back on the confusion. To his mind directly he saw the white man's head.

"No, let's talk this over. What's your name?"

"Jeremiah, mister."

"I'm not mister to you, Jersey. Call me Wolf. Here, help me make my backskin and we'll ride over to the Rock while your folks are looking up."

Meanwhile, he studied closely and swung the grinning led up behind him.

"Here it is, up there," the boy pointed out Blaker's shoulder. At the height of a man in horse-locks from the valley floor, a strange black and white shaggy figure was perched on the rock. It was the crude drawing of a horse—a thick-bodied kind—a gila monster.

The face of William Blaker opened toward the cold possibility of a wall as he gazed upon the creature's quail. He was thinking back to the black dog when the strong, cruel peer of a hand man had suddenly changed down upon the breadth hand of his, Blaker's, father had changed tight until the evil person of his had no share between the yellow teeth gnawing into the flesh. His father had died a shuddered victim once because he had been to lead a helping hand to a man with the head of a bear. Somewhere in the great expanse of the wild west, very likely in the Oregon country itself, would it then and while blundering thing that could, if it could be brought to the point of confusion clear his father's name and restore the Blaker family honor. Proof that the General had proved this way stand at the White Wolf from the side of Independence Rock.

Gravely Will looked forward toward the almost perpendicular face of the rock, and touched the pointing. A faint smile of his eyes came over on his lips—the kind that passed this way and many other before.

"I reckon it's a trade, son," Blaker said with unconscious pleasure as he smiled toward back into the middle. "I'll have to get you that meat."

The boy bent glared up at the corner of the iron line toward slightly toward him with a look of pronounced understanding.

"If I meet a bear—"

"Watch out for him, and get word to me quickly." Blaker said with his shoulder as they entered his, toward the impossible wagon team.

"What would you rather have today?" Blaker greeted the two smaller two head, peering out from Scott's carved wagon. "Blacker, mutton, deer, bear?"

"None here! We haven't tasted bear meat yet!"

"We'll do the best we can, to-day, boys, but don't get worried up too much for bear steak. That's better meat for you later."

Blaker waved his rifle above his head in salute to the grinning family as he slipped away on the backskin.

Blaker guided his backskin directly ahead of the wagon team, toward Scott's Gate, some five miles away. In his mind was the thought that he would not only get meat for the horses, but that he would send the road ahead for himself.



Two riders emerge of James Becked at him from beneath a wagon



Quickly but gently Blake placed the Indian on the saddle.

Once free of the wagon, his deepening gray eyes began to search over the surrounding terrain. In the middle distance to the southwest of the wagon road Wadden and his companions were riding toward the hills after sunset. Beyond them, Will saw the ramp flanks of a small band of antelope. Already the animals had taken alarm. The confident young men had little chance to come upon the antelope now. Will resumed.

Entering the circle of the Gate, Will searched the valley floor with care. He was not satisfied that some rising Indian band was not lurking along the trail until he had ridden several miles westward. At last he came to a grassy meadow along the shallow footway that had the appearance of being the camping place of previous wagon trains. He estimated that Blackie's trail would reach here in the middle afternoon and would make this their next camping place.

Blake turned northwest toward the hills. Watching both the horizon and underfoot for signs of game, at last he came upon some large and tricky-looking porcupine scattered into the mountains. Fresh buffalo tracks! Carefully he followed along the plain trail, after noting that the road was in his favor. The White Wolf was looking for buffalo! Suddenly, over a ridge ahead of him, he heard the pound of hoofs, the lightning signal of a horse, a great crashing of limbs, and the clatter of hooves of a strutting herd. Will watched his buckskin eye the rapid race he could peer out only into the little meadow beyond.

Standing upright in the meadow, wearing his great lion dress side to side in the trail to make out with his short-sighted eyes what lay in the brush before her, was a huge female grizzly. By her side were two cubs, each the size of St. Bernard dogs, and looking very like St. Bernards, with their long heavy brown coats. The lions had their backs to Blake.

**THAT** type of the White Wolf now loomed than the eyes of the grizzly. Almost instantly Will saw a naked Indian warrior on the beach beyond the meadow. The Indian had evidently been ambushed in the brush and now he was trying to keep still in hopes that the bear would not locate him. But the wind was in the bear's favor!

Even as Will passed, he saw the other lions on the back of the grizzly's neck and, and she began to rock from side to side and to growl down in her massive chest. The Indian, at work as the grizzly

hunter, knew what was coming. He had begun to steel toward the leading lion which hung on a branch several feet beyond him. But the grizzly gave the warlike warrior no more time. With a sudden roar, she came down on all fours to charge across the little meadow.

Then the White Wolf went into action. With a single motion his long leading rifle came to his shoulder and he stepped on a pine ball at the exposed flank of the bear as she began her charge. The heavy shot staggered the animal, while the rest of the gun behind her right flank started and rebounded her. She paused to see what the new enemy was.

Fervently Will poured powder into the mouth of his rifle from his powder horn, banged down a buckskin patch again and dragged a bullet. Before he was finished with his work, however, the bear bellowed him and charged.

Watching the buckskin as that his right side was toward the bear, Blake reached out the weapon with one hand in the instant need to shoot being foolish. As the shot the lion sank to her knees, she bowed and lay propped upon the ground.

In the meadow was stretched out of the side with a shaft buried in the loathsome in his side. The other side had vanished. The Indian was still lying on the beach, but he had his bow in hand and another arrow noiled on the bowstring ready for action.

The White Wolf held his hand in sign of power and spoke to the warrior in the Chaco trade jargon, the *Esperanza* of the Olympic country.

"Kahawee, we-greetings, friend! Can White Wolf help his brother hunter?" Without appearing to notice the ready response of the Indian, Will rode up side of his horse, bowed his side toward a convenient bush and knelt down to examine the warrior's wounds.

"How scratched leg?" questioned Will, "but not broken. All right in a few days. How did it happen?" Meanwhile he proceeded to bandage the wound of the stomach with a strip of buckskin.

"So buffalo coming. Want us have in brush for them to get close enough to shoot with arrow. Bear and then. Come on maybe think you buffalo and bear. Grizzly over me. Grizzly Weaver, and how, how horse, how big? Bear and Grizzly Weaver but no one see his head. You say?"

"Shoshone man—get next arrow." Blake said, raising the left eye with a snarl. "My horse angry double. Suppose we take horse paws and go to point

camp. Send hunters back for rest of meat and skin!"

"Good. My camp that way." Grizzly Weaver wanted a better hand with sword.

Quickly but gently Blake placed the Indian on the buckskin. Then he cut off the cub's paw and tied them to the middle horn, and mounted on front of the warrior.

The Indian and his gun around the white hunter's waist and he rode on slowly as the buckskin moved off in the direction of the Indian camp.

**I**N a little glade in the hills they came upon the sign of a strong war party of Shoshone. Will hastily estimated at least fifty warriors looking out toward them the moment they appeared in sight.

The impression made out in his native tongue he knew the changing Shoshone reached them, and the head showed off to surround them. Sharp quizzing and answers were heard back and forth as they rode into camp.

One of the camp the threatened hostility vanished and the white man was placed with steaming meat from the kettle, while the wounded man was made comfortable and Weaver told Blake did his best to appear friendly and the word "White Wolf" was bandied about with approving voices. Will felt it to be an opportunity to present the advice of the warrior. He signed his horse to make a speech. Instantly he was given the attention of the band.

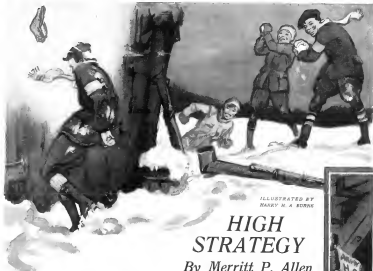
"White Wolf brings greetings from the White-tipped Warrior People and a greeting for the chief." Will untangled his speech made and its heard cheerfully and laid them in the chief's ready hand.

"White Wolf has ever treated his old brothers truly, and spoken with a straight tongue. My people do not wish to stay in the land of the Shoshone but to pass through toward the great water beyond. White Wolf will give us an open road for his people."

The chief on his own was wearing a magnificent war bonnet of eagle plumes slowly arose.

"This not Shoshone country. This the country. We have here had system here. We are not fight with people of warrior who never see us. Grizzly Weaver. For help against this bear and for open road through Shoshone country beyond. Two Power gives this!"

With a dramatic retreat, Two Power stood his back to his band and removed the beautiful war bonnet, and placed it upon. (Continued on page 67)



ILLUSTRATED BY  
MARK M. BURG

## HIGH STRATEGY

By Merritt P. Allen

"IS THE strategy all in?" Commander in chief of the Red army, Chose Redness, frowned heavily as he asked the question.

"Yes, Your Honor," Advanced-General Nozzle Perfins answered, rising from his seat and bowing.

"Say, Sir, not 'Your Honor.' This is a military court," Chose snapped.

"Forgive, please," Chose murmured.

Froggie Bats stood up abruptly, his hands and behind his back, the nose of his whiskered face red with cold.

"Proctor Bats," Chose rumbled his own nose sympathetically to be again, "you, a general in the Blue army, are charged with subterfuge within our lines."

"With what?"

"Subterfuge, as-it-should-say. It's a military term."

"But it isn't spelled right," Froggie disruptedly informed the court.

"Well, you know what it means. Have you got anything to say for yourself?"

"I was only warning," Froggie declared, his breath rising in the cold air like the ghost of dead severity.

The commander-in-chief nodded. "It has been credulously—I mean consciously—deemed that you were dropping an accusation cheap," he said.

"I dropped an accusation credulously," Froggie maintained.

"Proof of that statement is lacking," Chose pronounced, "so the court finds you guilty. The sentence is immediate execution."

"Mercy, o' meppity," Froggie begged. "I'm not here. This is a long G. H. Q. We've got a stage on our side."

"Defense in the court?" Chose thundered. He knew you will there now a stage in the Blue headquarters but he did not care to hear about it.

"A long of a G. H. Q.," Froggie repeated, with superabundant contempt. "Just as old

lady! We've got a new little stage with a store."

"Shoot up!" Chose shouted. Then, remembering that dignity should be the hallmark of a commander, he added pompously, "Guard, remove the prisoner. I will pronounce the execution in person. March!"

A cheer began about Froggie and all tramped away on rubber-soled feet, rattling the loose boards of the lower floor.

"Spoken-right!" Chose barked as they passed into the room beyond the door. "Halt! From the prisoner to the wall. Load your pieces. Each of the guard made himself a snarl. 'Aw!' Their arms went up. 'Tut!' Froggie coughed in his neck and the valley rolled his severity.

"Better give him another," Nozzle suggested.

"No you don't," Froggie shouted, glancing over his shoulder. "I'm dead!"

"He's only wounded," Nozzle laughed, pinching.

"You can't shoot a dead man, Chose," Froggie sneered.

"Course frog," the commander-in-chief ordered aims to draw his authority then because there was mercy in his heart. He cut the straps from Froggie's wrist with his knife. "Now load it to the other end, report yourself!" he said. "All anyone else who has the wit to give you can tell you it is already won by the Blue."

"Dope!" Froggie's seem for first prophecy was colored, suspended, boundless, unmeasurable and so forth.

"It's only now o'clock," he muttered. "By right there won't be a Red here left to hang," and he disappeared around the corner of the barn, broiled for the democracy as the bill.

THE Blue returned their first headquarters stretched across two barns. To give it a real appearance, something like a house, it was placed beneath a scaffold of planks that stretched across the barn floor from one house to the other. Over the deck and also were the hot that served as a

and now draped strips of red canvas, making such an ensemble as Alexander the Great himself had never seen.

"Froggie is our first asset," Nozzle announced with pride. He signed, as an overworked general, and took out a notebook and pencil. "Advocate Perfins," he added, "how do you spell subterfuge?"

"There isn't no such word," Nozzle answered.

"There must be."

"What is it?"

"Why, it's a guy who commits subterfuge, his friends did."

"Is a French, isn't it?"

"I guess so."

"Then, and the helpful Nozzle, the filler who does it in a subtle—a subterfuge—a subterfuge."

"Well, how do you spell it?" Chose gave him a look that was half-sigh on complete confidence.

"It begins with a."

"So does up." The commander spoke with real indignation.

Nozzle had a cardboard flash. "Call this a spy," he said. "It's about the same thing I guess."



Guarded at his advanced guard





Freder walked to his tent and the cabin jolted him evenly



"Aw! I'm exhausted!" He leaned his chin on the back of his neck

"I'll write up then look up subalternage before I make out my official report," Chase leaned forward and lazily referred to his book, "Act 14." He consulted the official G. H. Q. time piece, a small alarm clock on the desk. 9:06. Exhausted Freddie Bates, age 17, he glanced at his watch-general. "Ten points to Noodle, and — Aw! I'm exhausted!" He leaped up, slumping at the back of his neck. "Joke it out, Noodle! What is it?" He took a drink as he employed his brother officer.

"It's chaff," Noodle said withdrawing his voice from the chorus of laughter that issued from the other boys. "About a quart of chaff and laymen fell off the window end —"

"Will, did it cut, cut! you, you rich head!" Noodle explored beneath the other's collar and brought up a handful of dry chaff.

"Chase should read and worried. 'It feels,' he clutched at his back — well, if it was on the inside I'd say, I'd swallowed a few birds. You didn't get half of it."

"I got all I could," Noodle told him. "Good, it didn't! I've got to take off my shirt."

"You'll freeze to death."

"I'll go up to the dorm."

"You're a lack of a general!" Noodle spoke broadly. "You ought to report that you have only one book to rely for your equality."

The remark, along Chase and entered his sense of duty.

"Guard," he shouted, seeing a chance to divert the listening chaff, "nearly that scaffold someone is ascending there."

"Aw, eye, eye!" they went merrily up to the ladder.

More chaff floated down and then a Red voice cried, "It's The Madmen!"

Excitement was aroused Red G. H. Q. for The Madmen was the headquarters of the Blues. He could have been their commander had they not feared he would fall asleep and put another into the battle was over. He was careless that way, but he was loved throughout the school for his running and diving, freestyle now down-slashed by the fact that he had been caught spying upon the very head quarters of the enemy.

"Guard the door," Chase ordered. "Bring him down."

"Oh, fix outside!" The Madmen's well-known dual and a shower of chaff fell upon those below.

H E DESCENDED slowly, he even in that moment of stress his business had not forgotten him. Shielded and shrouded in coverings and a wall that hid The Madmen. Stopped like a schoolmaster, a long without slipping about his long body and a tall he cup on his head, he crossed the floor next upon a box and up and, "Well, said Chase, what you say to the school?"

"Stand in the presence of the court," Chase pronounced, determined to make the most of his position in spite of his tilt.

"Go take a walk!" The Madmen remarked, speaking with a shrewd the others covered. "I've read military law — which you say — and there's nothing in it to compel a prisoner to be tried first, please to assist. Therefore he may choose his posture I choose to sit."

"The court rules to pass up the question because of lack of time," Chase murmured with dignity, stretching. "He will proceed with the business in hand. Primmer, what are you doing to the best quarters of your remains?"

"Oh, just looking around," The Madmen grinned. "That chaff business was so worried, naturally."

"What do you mean, looking round?"

"I was curious to see Red headquarters. It's a long place, isn't it? Now, you have a nice group with a store and a —"

"You select your own group!" Chase cut in. "Yes, seeking intelligence from us."

The Madmen smiled wearily. "Impossible," he answered. "You must have heard the old saying: 'You can't put wool of a lion!'"

The guard murmured. The commander's head faded, and watched his back.

"Such talk is contempt of court," he thundered. "The court is contemptible!" The Madmen and drowsily. "A hen! Well, it's a suitable stable for drowsy." It's here a few years —

"Shut up!" Chase roared. "You're a spy and you're going to be executed!"

"Believe as after you change your shirt!"

"Believe!" Chase stepped forward. "Guard, take him out."

The boys chaff around him then from out of the hidden Noodle's voice complained, "He can't get up."

"Stand, by order of the court," Chase shouted. The Madmen stood up, slowly.

"Hark!"

The prisoner raised a hand in graceful protest. "General Chase," he said softly, "there is a well-known point of law that the court must furnish transportation for a prisoner. I refer to walk."

"I've got an eye!" Chase cried.

The Madmen straightened his long body. "Ladies," he said, "our beloved faculty, like three up the rules by which this war is conducted, specifically — yes, know what that big word means, ladies?"

The court glared, making noise for him. "Well, the faculty, as I said, specifically stated that there was to be no unnecessary language. Either side being found guilty of such respectively conduct will be fined one thousand points."

He was silent, as usual, and Chase repeated reflectively. When it came to check up on this war game the faculty, sitting in august session would be nervous in punishing violators at the law it had made. If The Madmen were heavily, released from the law he might under it appear that he had been punished, and a thousand-point penalty would be a hopeless handicap. Though Chase had replied at The Madmen's capture, he was beginning to see that he had. (Continued on page 10)



## SENTENCE

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD A. WOLFENBU

many a trapper and woodman before him, Charley wandered low the woods he had earned his deer so that no part of it slipped in the snow.

All winter, Charley saw signs that the deer was near by. Gradually he came to hate the forest, for he could not forget the pitiful sight of the broken-necked deer. And how short his precious leaves! They were as soft as silk in their velvet-lined bodies. But when Spring came and they began to come out to see themselves or replace their food supply, would the cougar be waiting for them?

At last it was Spring. The hillsides were alive with rivulets of snow water. Short patches appeared on the north slopes of all the mountains and grew larger day by day. Charley's stream looked from the grip of the ice and went roaring down the valley like a bull. He spent most of his time chasing deer away from his fence so that it would not block the rush of water and be carried away.

It was a wonderful moment when he saw the first sign of leaves, a broad, wailing trail over the goshawk was in a yellow bush. A fresh cut stick showed that the power of Spring had not gone home. Charley-headed. Charley had not seen the cougar's track for weeks. Probably the cougar had wandered away. In the story of Spring, Charley actually wished him well—if he would stay at a distance.

It was not to be. One day Charley saw where another cougar and a snow mountain one had been cornered. Again he discovered bloody snow and the sweeping of big cat feet. Again he found the coiled, three-toed mark. Worst of all he found signs of brown fur which told him that this time a heaver was the victim. Now his hate was reinforced.

Day after day he increased the length of the stream, deciding what might be revealed around each corner. Only too often he found it scraps of fur, bloody, trampled snow. The heaver was cunning after long experience of winter in his home. They went too far from the water in search of a particularly desirable branch, and the cougar was always waiting.

Charley grew desperate. The success of his enterprise was threatened. What was he to do now if he could not protect the heaver from this monster?

On a day when he visited the little town where he bought his supplies he was particularly discouraged. At any other time he would have been interested at once in the man who was ahead of him in the store.

CHARLEY and brown as a mountain deer, this man stood at the counter talking in a low voice. His eyebrows were first and the empty pack on his back broke him told at once that he was a woodsman come to town for the same purpose as Charley.

The stranger's words were the first part of the conversation that Charley heard. "Derry, Clint, but I can't give you any more credit. For does all I can for you."

"But can't I always paid up?" pleaded the old woodman. "You never let a cent in an ear."

"I know," replied the stranger, "but you're owing a hundred dollars now and no chance of making any real real money. I'd like to, Clint, but I got to make a living too."

The old man picked up his pack and turned away. "What can I do for you?" the stranger asked Charley.

"What is that?" queried Charley as he reached his pocket for his supply list.

"Old Clint Parrell," was the answer. "He's good to be the greatest trapper of these parts. He's all crapped up with rheumatism this winter and hasn't made hardly a cent. He won't work at anything else and I figure I've helped him all I can afford."

Charley slowly looked after the trapper and then moved slowly in the same direction. "He looks in a muddle."

"Outside he might up with the old man," Mr. Parrell," he said as he came abreast.

The trapper stopped and looked up at him with hopeful eyes. Charley was unimpressed: "I know that is out of a funny proposition," he began, "but you're both in trouble and maybe you can help each other out. I'll stand you a lot of groceries at the store if you'll tell me how to get rid of a mountain lion."



He looked away the snow that had drifted against the door and making his pack with a sigh of relief.

As Parrell said nothing, Charley went on to tell his story. The old trapper nodded up his eyes at the description of the cougar's track. "Why that's Of Crook-Foot," he exclaimed. "I wondered where he'd got to. I've been after him for years. It was me took that fur of him."

"But what am I going to do?" asked Charley. They were walking back toward the store by the time "He's killing my heaver right and left. I've tried hunting him but can't get a shot to save my life."

"No," replied the trapper, "you won't get him that way. You could follow him a mile and make never get a sight of him though he might not be twenty feet away all the time. He's smart, Of Crook-Foot."

"I've got to get him, somehow. I'd—Id—Id even poison him!" Charley exclaimed.

The old trapper scratched his head. "I know a better trick than that. I bought me a hunting dog last fall just on purpose for Of Crook-Foot. I can't get away right now. But I tell you what, you take the dog. That's your only chance and it'll square you for the grub."

"But I don't know anything about dealing with a dog," exclaimed Charley.

"That's all right, son. You take the dog and show him Crook-Foot's track. He'll do the rest."

Half an hour later Charley and goodbye to the trapper. Parrell's pack was hanging and his eyes had lost their hopeless expression. "Here's the dog, young fellow," he said. "His name's Max, and what he don't know about cats isn't worth knowing."

MAX'S back changed hands. He was a comical-looking dog with great floppy ears, a long shiny tail, and a long nose. He took life very seriously. From the first Charley and he were friends.

After a few days Charley took the dog with him on an inspection tour.

Only too soon they found what they had come for, the remains of a heaver, killed the night before. But the snow was all gone now except for a few dabs in sheltered places. Charley watched Max, barely knowing what to expect. The dog had been more widely tested so soon as he caught the smell of the mountain lion. Now he was back and forth exploring every inch of the ground with his nose. Every few seconds he gave a short sharp bark so he could sight and left.

Suddenly his voice changed. With a long howl from deep in his throat he started off through the bushes, nose to ground, tail in the air.

As fast as he could, Charley followed. Max's cry filled the woods with echoes. Swiftly a new fence in sight of Charley's efforts.

When it finally died away he stopped and wiped the sweat from his forehead. "Now what are I supposed to do?" he panted. He decided that he had better follow in the direction from which Max's voice had just reached him.

For half an hour he pushed his way through the underbrush, climbing steadily along the side of the mountain. He came out finally on a ridge and passed. Faintly he heard. (Continued on page 22)



The Bullet Joe was truly the bad man of hockey—a foul-mouthed, vicious man who made things extremely unpleasant for all opposition. No team, as yet, had been able to bottle him up, he had always broken loose for some. He knew he was feared and took a French job in making the most of it. Let his enemies land up all sorts of pet defenses, he would smash through them! And now, after he had grown's position in their own team, attention reverted to the state of affairs as he gave a splendid indifferent exhibition of goal shooting from various angles, throwing the puck into the unguarded net. There were those who remarked that the net would probably be almost as unguarded with Wardlaw's substitute goalie in front of it, since the Bullet usually made a mistake of misperceived opponents. He knew every trick of drawing goalies out from their nests and flipping the puck past them. Poor Steve Foster would be no exception.

"Nobody can tell you how to stop the Bullet," the veteran Frank Morton was saying to Steve as the two walked the bench behind the netting, at every one. "That kind does something different almost every time he comes at you. Only thing I can advise is, don't watch his eyes. Watch his feet and that stick of his. He can look one direction and shoot another. He may be looking one way and suddenly reverse just the opposite. You can get off for that if you keep tabs on his feet. And don't forget—Bullet shoots from either side—left and right handed. As for speed—that puck will stag you right through your chest protector. I only hope he don't catch you like he did me on the shin today. I'd just as soon stop a real bullet next time."

"Is that all?" asked Steve, only hoping that Frank didn't hear his teeth rattling.

"That's all," continued Frank, looking down at the bench. "And there, as to substitute goalie, I have a suggestion he extended his hand. "Except, old man, to wish you luck. I'm awfully sorry I can't be in these things!"

Steve took the proffered hand. His palm was

FEELING number one came in the first two minutes of play when the much-hated Bullet Joe repeated the puck at mid-air, triggered his way through Wardlaw's defense men, crossed the puck off the sideboards when he was apparently blocked by Tom Curry, and dodged beyond to take the puck on the rebound as end sticks played fruitlessly at the masterfully handled disc. Three Bullet, with that sharpshooting leg which he was good, swung in close to Wardlaw's new goalie, landed a shot which caused Steve Foster to bring his knees defensively together with the inside of his stick held across those knees, then Boudin's hockey wristed shifted the stick to his other side and whined it into the far corner of the net for a goal!

There hadn't been a chance for Steve to show himself in front of the puck, it had all happened with such lightning swiftness, and yet the whole business had been accomplished with such apparent ease as to make Wardlaw's substitute goalie look ridiculous.

"Steve should have been ready for that shift," gazed the veteran Frank Morton, from the bench. "Of course Bullet had him at his mercy—with one of our men between Steve and the cage—but not the same, a best like that and a puck shot from the other side is no old trick. If I had been at that you know it, not in a B. I would substitute for a mere problem." And Steve's trying his hardest. "He is a terrible spot—a spot where everyone expects the impossible because they know a goalie's got to perform miracles if he

wouldn't save so much if he'd put in a real smother, but this goal shouldn't have happened!"

Other team members weren't so sure. They were more inclined to agree with the crowd, that Wardlaw had a work man in the net and that the goal was due to be a recovery for Boudin.

Bullet Joe, with his dramatic saving of the situation, instantly prepared to follow up the advantage gained in the hopes of demoralizing Wardlaw's team. With the puck faced off at center ice, he again dove into the play and attempted with the due precaution to make no move to follow his spectacular movement as Wardlaw team members instantly sought to keep him from striding distance of their goal.

"Holy-shock that guy!" Steve called out to Wardlaw's two defense men who were leaving themselves to compete Bullet's surprise one shot. "Give me hell a chance... don't let him...!"

It was a cold afternoon but prospectors gleamed on the forehead of (Continued on page 47)

count and change. Frank's was dry and chilled.

"Look," was Steve's unapproachable observation.

"You look sorry. May you guys talk. I'm on my way to a slaughter and you're expecting to be in on the feast. You're a spell out, you see? I'm going in there and..."

"Better get on your feet," said Tom Curry, solemnly. "Better wait and tell us what you're going to do after you've done it!"

Steve Foster's face reddened. The attitude of the team had forced him as the defender. They might know more about what they were up against than he did, but he refused to be shopped in advance, no matter how serious a kidding he might be compelled to take during the game. And Coach Atkinson, coming up, dropped his on the shoulder.

"Don't let this get you down, boy! Go in there and there in a real job of goal tending!"

"I'll do my best," Steve promised, grabbing up his head-bladed stick. "I'll stop every puck I can see. If that Bullet wants to score, he'll have to drill a hole through me!"

This spirited statement was slightly amusing to veteran team mates who had memories of one previous encounter with Bullet Joe Suggs. There was even the trace of a smile on the dark visage of Frank Morton whose feet was just visible beneath the headless blanket. Steve would change his tune in the heat of battle after blocking a few of Bullet Joe's whirling drives with his body. And the more it was the vital to be starting the day with his chin up. What Steve didn't know up to now, didn't hurt him. But he was to learn soon.

stops the Bullet. I've shot I'm not in his class... Later in the evening he is taken to the

Certainly, unimpressive

Wardlaw supporters, disappointed at Steve's early failure to keep Bullet from scoring, had begun to demand his removal. It was a thunderous demand since Wardlaw possessed only one substitute goalie and the game was still young. But this was just a sorry sample of the severity of human nature.

"Steve said that, Steve!" murmured left defense, Tom Curry, shaking his head. "It wasn't pretty poor fault—we let Bullet get through at you for an open shot!"

"I'll say you did!" agreed Wardlaw's substitute goalie, brightly. "Give me support out there, you guys! It doesn't take a Bullet Suggs to score when they're on top of the cage like he was. I

Instead of smiling Steve smiled and the two rushed down just in front of the net





ments with the steam in engines of the piston or "reciprocating" type. It was noted at the start that steam of the "softish" kind not be used as it seeps naturally from the rocks as its pressure, in this form, is too low. However, Private Cault reasoned that if this steam escaped at the surface there must be greater heat and higher pressure below the ground. Perhaps the pressure might be sufficient to operate engines? With this supposition he first tapped one of the natural steam veins, making in the steam and carrying it through pipes to a small engine. The result was very successful although the power was small. Next year the experiment was repeated with a larger engine which he connected to an electric generator to supply current for lighting of some of the buildings.

#### Larger Plants Put Into Operation

At a later date, drilling for steam was further improved, this work being done in much the same manner as we drill for oil. Bore holes as much as 16 inches in diameter were sunk into the ground, some going down as far as 500 feet into the earth. These were protected by iron pipe cased to prevent loss of steam pressure and they tapped large supplies of steam. By 1913 the operation of these experimental plants made the Private Cault project justified in undertaking further development. The volcanic power project began to become really important and very significant when a 350-440-watt (about 500 horsepower) steam turbine was installed to drive an electric generator. This turbine was not connected directly to the natural steam wells because the engineers found the corrosion of its blades by various of the chemicals found in the steam. It was also found that the natural steam contained some gases like carbon dioxide which can not be condensed ordinarily. As steam turbines can not be operated efficiently unless the exhaust steam is condensed, these gases would interfere with the power of the turbines.

#### The First Steam Turbine Plant

Hence in this first steam turbine plant, the natural steam was piped through boiler containing ordinary water. The heat of the wet and steam was here used to convert the fresh water into steam and this was, in turn, used to drive the turbine. This arrangement also had its faults. One of the troubles was due to the non-condensable gases leaking into the tubes of the steam generator and thus forcing their way into the turbine. Eventually the steam generators in conjunction were abolished entirely and the natural steam is now fed into a series of separators and purifiers which remove about 90 per cent of the troublesome gases. From these separators it passes directly into the steam turbines. Since the first experiments concern a substantial amount of work has been done and there are now over 350 steam wells in use at Larderello steam. Plans for the extraction of chemicals from the steam and for its use in the generation of electric power have been installed at Carrivonovo, Sesto, Montecatini, Lago, Luspignano, Sarnano and Tivoli as well as at Larderello. All of these wells are in the basin district south of Volterra.

#### The Natural Plant

The natural power development was continued and by 1916 one of the plants in operation consisted of three 5,000-horsepower turbine-driven electric generators. This represents a total of about 15,000 horsepower and the output of electricity would be sufficient to supply a typical American town of about 12,000 population with light and power. One of the accompanying illustrations from that plant, and it seems difficult to realize that its powerful turbines are operated entirely by volcanic steam. The success of volcanic steam was not confined to Italy and the success of Private Cault's work may result in important developments in other parts of the world.

#### Prospecting for Steam Wells

IN OUR own country we have several localities where hot springs and natural steam are found but none of these are not suitable for commercial development. We require much more than merely hot water or clouds of water



A large natural steam well in the volcanic district at Larderello, Italy (photo: Santa Rosa/Visa & Larderello)

vapor. It takes steam in large volume and under considerable pressure to make the operation of power plants practical. Hence many of the areas of hot springs and geysers can not be developed into sources of power. Even when steam actually comes from out of the rocks, the supply may still be so small or the pressure so low that we can not use it. However, every hot spring area is worth investigating for deep drilling may tap greater heat and pressure than finds its way to the surface naturally. Some prospecting for steam has already taken place. Among the localities where drilling has been attempted but without success are Bolivia, South America, and the State of Oregon. While steam sources were tapped, the pressure and flow were insufficient for development. On the other hand, one well which was drilled in the Dutch East Indies in a depth of about 700 feet showed sufficient pressure and flow to run a 500-horsepower (35,000 horsepower) plant. Other drilling was, or was, being considered in Java, Sumatra and in Italy near Naples.

#### Great Volcanic Steam in California

SOME very interesting results have already been attained in our own State of California. Drillings have been made in the Imperial Valley and one 750 feet well there produced steam at a pressure of 174 pounds to the square inch. This is about the same as the pressure used in modern steam power plants where the heat is obtained by burning coal or oil. Some 75 miles north of San Francisco and about 30 miles inland in Sonoma County, is a health resort called "The Geysers." Here are the Geysers Creek Geysers and Sulphur Creek Geysers with their hot pools of water, escaping steam and similar evidences of underground heat. In 1906 (London) a few years ago, Dr. E. J. Allen and Arthur I. Day described the development of steam wells in this area. In 1909 a major engineer by the name of J. D. Cress, became interested in the possibilities of using the high subterranean temperatures as a source of power. He did some drilling with rather small apparatus and attained only remarkable success even at the outset. The first well was sunk about 900 feet down and a second one was then drilled to about 250 feet. Each well when closed, showed a pressure of about 60 pounds to the square (Continued on page 16)



Turbine operated by volcanic steam driving an electric generator at Geysers, California. At the controls is J. D. Cress, who discovered the drilling (photo: California, Inc.)

# BIGGS-POOFER TRACKLESS

By Wilbur S. Boyer

ILLUSTRATED BY STUART BAY



The police motorcycle can't usually stay ahead of the car.

## How to Use This Letter

### (1) When You Are Alone

**S**TORIE yourself to see whether you will find *Amos Biggs-Poofers* too much for you. For each one that you have found yourself, make 10 points. For each one of the first 20 that you failed to make, subtract 10 from your total score. If your total score is zero, you are up to average. One hundred, of course, is perfect.

There are other mistakes, and repetition of the same mistakes, that are not covered. You are going over the letter you should study each one of the ten answers, whether you answer others or not.

The list of ten mistakes on which to count yourself is printed on page 32. Do not look at it until you have finished using *Biggs-Poofers* mistakes. Then count yourself.

### (2) As a Game for Great Meetings

**D**IVIDE into groups. Choose someone—preferably your Scoutmaster—as reader and scorer. Let him read the list of 10 mistakes on page 32. When he reads the least about, anyone catching a guilty statement with "Hah!" and gives his shout-out as witness. The person that calls him down, on each of the 10 mistakes listed, and tells who the mistake is, scores one point. Every boy called who there is in a mistake loses two points. The reader and scorer is the judge of whether the rule was well taken. Mistakes that are called correctly, but that are not given in the list of 10, do not score either way.

### (3) For Fun at School

**T**HREE are four good ways of using this letter at school. One is to use the letter meeting game. Another is to get your teacher to have the class write letters about it, writing them in competition. A third way is to have the teacher read the letter aloud, slowly giving the class a chance to write down the mistakes. The fourth way is to read the letter aloud twice, the second time asking questions about the mistakes, and giving credit for the best answers.

**D**EAR SIR: Now is the time to make money. I have a big proposition for you to help me out. I positively wouldn't let anyone else in on it, so if you refuse, it's all off.

You know Luther Burbank discovered that there are two kinds of electricity: North, or negative, and South, or positive. A north and south will push each other apart, while two norths or two souths will rush together. Suppose I make my auto a magnet and all that magnetism newly-discovered cobalt steel. South and south, north and toward the sky. Then I run north, or minus electricity along a rail of the same kind of steel under the car. Don't you see? Unlike electricity BIPOLAR, and if the power in the rail is strong enough, it will PUSH THE CAR UP IN THE AIR, like a Capal holding up the sky, until the weight of the car exactly balances the power. Ten and a half inches with me, though.

I shall run a rail straight from New York, over the Adirondack Mountains in Chicago, with stops for produce at Boston and St. Louis. With an

airplane propeller on the back I can travel that 2,000 miles without touching the ground. No wheels, no joints, smooth as a cat's back, and none of the dangers of airplane travel. Danger? Why, it will be safer to travel in *Biggs-Poofers* Trackless auto than to walk the streets. You couldn't stamp a head-on collision. Cars all being charged with the SAME KIND of electricity, would, like lightning kids, stay at each other and never hit.

You need no steering. The outer side of the track will be a line of magnets with North electricity. This will push cars charged with the SOUTH kindly rapidly from each side and keep them in line. In fact, I've thought of a plan to do away with gas and gears. If, by some gaspensing from the car, the side magnets a bit ahead were turned so while those alongside and behind were shut off, the car would be guided along by attraction with a speed we'll have to be calculated by engineers, who can be hard cheap these days. I can't prove the part of my great idea as I don't want to go down in history as the man who ruined the oil industry.

Since you are at the opportunity I offer, you are a poor headless "nobody," as Shakespeare says, and need every detail explained. The up-to-date of made in the U. S. last year was \$10,000,000,000 according to my own figures. As new rail spurs will be reduced, this enormous waste of taxes will be reduced. The cars will never touch the roads to wear them out, except at junctions, where all will stop for gas refueling, and look days.

There will be needed until all roads become empty but these will not wear out on our lines. The tires, however, will act as insulators to prevent our lines being shorted electrically. But there will be another market for rubber. If faster steps out of the car, or least out to his window as events, it may be good-boys, unless they are built inside. There'll be millions in the rubbering industry. Imagine the A.M. for New-Canadian States. *Amos-Burrows* Devises, Insulated South With Two Pure Steel-Ford Parts and a High-Voltage Insurance Policy!

Had the map be prior to contracts, who have found the auto as much to making get-away! The signal comes out: *Rever 14, Route 22*. "Start motor, betwixt 5:15P." The business paid a letter On 131 the man in the personal changes to plan. Instead of cars being pushed UP, they'll all be suddenly glad in the road, and the poles in their auto-cars can be used to charge the magnets, each one, and put up all the needed postage stamps. The answer continued.

Now, as to the money (Continued on page 22)



With an airplane propeller on the back I can travel that 2,000 miles without touching the ground.



### A Yankee lad tries to repay his country's debt to Lafayette.

**W**HAT'S the matter out there?" Peter thrust himself toward the square where he dropped behind a wave of bushes inside the road. Peter's soldier's uniform was not even soiled by the mud he had seen in his wanderings through the one ribbon highway here. For it was the year 1781 and America was at war with France.

From the other side of that screen of bushes came a shout of a sharpshooter's rifle in the middle of the woods. Peter had seen a carriage drive up with two ladies, American soldiers guarding it. They stood on either side of the stage while a man (thundered).

"A prisoner!" bellowed Peter as he watched. "Perish in his back and ahead for me to stand! What are they going to do with him?"

The soldiers were gazing at the man and one of them with an impatient growl, made as if to push the cowering figure with his bayonet.

In that instant something happened which made Peter's eyes look with triumph. The sick prisoner, all swollen face was laid down face-off upon the breast of the man and with a sudden, strong and sudden, struck up his weapon and then jerked it down his New England soldier was in full flight, thrust and with death from his own sword.

As soon as the first guard was routed the sick man sat upon the ground and he offered a stiff resistance to the second guard who drove. But again the prisoner was victorious. The second soldier fell to the ground from the man who looked hardly able to stand upon his feet and yet moved with the little power of a lion. The horse frightened at the sight had dashed out of sight down the road, the steady carriage bounding at their heels.

Peter started to cry. "Hark!" he started forward. He had been waiting to find a horse for his symptoms were all with the Frenchman. But the struggle was over so quickly that the boy had not reached the spot when the second guard was sent to flight.

"A brave man if ever there was one," that prisoner said to Peter. "Remember him in blood and courage from now on. I must go if I can help him. The people like a lion but he looks well to go for his himself."

**T**HE sound of hoofs given the road below brought the boy to a stop while he took an observation. Two men had appeared, coming rapidly to the scene of the struggle. They were not soldiers and Peter thought they did not look like Americans.

It is too weak to fight more men," said the boy. "If there are more men they shall find that a Yankee arm is strong."

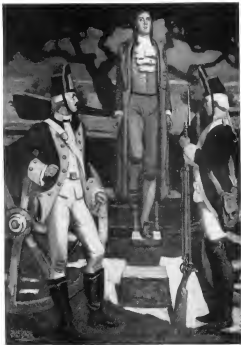
The two men approached the pale and bleeding man who stood waiting as if he had expected them. Peter saw that there was no hostility in their looks but rather, friendly and generous, and a kind of reverent awe. They brought with them two horses upon one of which they placed the prisoner, going him, in his turn, some direction about the way. He nodded and rode off, his bleeding hand thrust out the front of his ragged coat.

Peter would have liked to ask some questions of the men who were left behind. But his horse they had kept for themselves was gone, and refused to carry him, as they had evidently meant that to carry. Before the Yankee had ridden from his eyes, the second man sat with one of the men on his back while the other walked slowly away on foot.

The boy looked after them thoughtfully. "They are not taking the prisoner to the prisoner's tent. He is just away alone. They must be well and help him. He gives life. It follows him, and he must stop now to rest and he is strong. That will give me a chance to catch up."

Peter's long legs were weak and practically useless. He had struggled over miles of country since he had left his father's flag which was now lying here for some distant square of a part on the Atlantic. Meanwhile, this day had, not out of his hands was coming the day for himself. A light horse, a light pair and a good pair of legs seemed to Peter that all the requests he made.

Starting off in the direction of the prisoner's tent, Peter held forward steadily. After some time he was in the middle of a ribbon road, the



A prisoner. French by the first, and shown the work in hand.

## THE STAINED OPAL

By M. S. Merrill

ILLUSTRATED BY LOWE DIEGENREITER

was hanging over his head. It was the horse the prisoner had been riding when he left the scene of the fight.

Starting up, Peter found his wounded man lying on the shelter of a thicket. It was so far spent that the boy thought he was dead. Presently, however, the man opened and looked up into the young face which was looking over him.

"Good morning, my lad," and a faint voice.

"Hi, speaks English," thought Peter with a thrill of relief.

Then his knapsack the boy pulled a flask of milk which he had bought at a farmhouse for his own

use. He took the flask and drank the milk down. The milk and bread and meat served the half-fainting man so that he sat up and looked with brightened eyes at Peter.

"If I mistake not, you are a Yankee lad," he remarked with quick interest.

Peter smiled. "I'm Peter, son of Captain Brent of the chapter ship down from the port of Boston, Massachusetts. Perhaps, or, you have visited my country?"

The man's eyes twinkled and an odd smile peeped at the corner of his mouth. (Continued on page 47)

**CADET WALT** LAYMAN, newly ascended to a yearling's estate after a grueling year of pibroch at West Point, looked at the horse. The horse looked at him, and not at all, Walt felt sure, with a kindly look.

**H**E WASN'T sure he could for this method of selecting mounts. He and his classmates had marched in single file up to the head of the picket line. Then they had faced to the flank, and each was automatically committed to an adjoining column with the horse opposite him.

"They're all good horses, gentlemen," the cavalry captain answered, but there was a shudder in his voice and Hale Baxter, Walt's roommate from the open West, replied in a decisive undertone, "That's what the first classmen say—uh?"

Conrad Vandenberg, the Eastern member of this cadet trio who had looked there before the day they became pickets, looked his animal over with an amused eye. "Well, never get a ribbon on a cadet's back," he remarked, "but he looks as though he could jump."

"What does name mean so though he could do?" asked Walt. Hale and Van looked his horse over with a critical eye.

"Oxygen reserved," said Hale. He turned to one of the cadet attendants who had brought up the animals. "What kind of a picker is that?"

"Ah, uh! don't think he's got any bad habits, uh," said the dandy soldier with a chuckle. "He's put up from the moment station as, uh, he's been long enough to learn bad habits."

"But," continued Hale with an emphasis that didn't improve Walt's mood. "You shouldn't mount up on a green one, Walt. Swap with me."

"The best is willing," said Walt with his honest Southern drawl, "but the sport says No. In the words of the immortal French general, 'Non, I am, here, I am!'"

"The horse willing," added Van gravely.

"Prepare to mount," ordered the captain, after the cadets had adjusted their stirrups.

"Rightabout, gentlemen," bellowed the captain again. "You'll meet your partner in a piece of time. He'll try and kill you, and if he gets away with you'll never master him. MOUNT!"

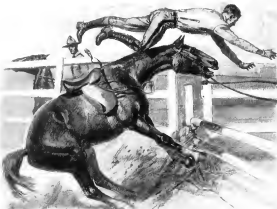
The line of cadets swung into the first saddle, some grudgingly, some awkwardly but boldly, some not at all, and obediently. In the last class, it must be confessed, Walt still hesitated, and managed to get himself into the saddle, and entered his name, feeling that the rest under him was regretfully untrue.

"The captain mounted on a bay mare and trotted up and down the line of cadets, counting snorts, snags and legs. When he reached Walt he brought his mare to a stop.

"You're on Willard," he murmured. "And I've got your mare, and your seat and a few dozen other things that you've never before."

"That's right, sir," said Walt.

"Well, Willard's a rascal," said Van. "I don't change yet until you get polished. And if you stick to him, you'll learn to learn to learn. Listen, attention. By the right flank, M-O-O-O."



## HORSES! HORSES!

By Paschal N. Strong

ILLUSTRATED BY REMINGTON SCHUYLER

**T**HE cadet swung from line to column and Walt, heavily doing the honors of a steering wheel, tried to get his horse to do likewise. But Willard had other plans. Instead of turning, he started straight ahead. Walt tugged at the reins, and finally dug in his spurs.

That was a mistake. With a coat of lovely grey Willard looked up his heels, turned his head around with a snort to answer to say if Walt was still ahead, and dashed down the riding hall at a pace faster than a wind-gulping hot potato stove that night. In the first glimpse of nature Walt grabbed the reins, and did he release his deathlike grip on the pommel of the saddle when he started on his adventurous ride. The reins had somehow managed to stay between his fingers, and with one hand he tugged at them frantically.

But Willard was just a young country-bred horse and apparently didn't know what reins were for. They were almost at the end of the hall now, and the leaps, and brown snorts were rushing toward them at a tremendous rate. Walt suddenly decided to give the extraordinary dash and jump. But just as he decided, Willard planted his forelegs firmly in the track and wheeled around. Walt found himself propped on the rearward's neck, both arms whirled around and neck. Now was his chance to slip to the soft track.

But again Willard forestalled him. The army creature reared up on its hind legs, and Walt promptly did back into the saddle. Willard, apparently satisfied that he was giving Walt an even break, kicked up his hind legs again and was off. Walt clumsily grabbed leather with one hand and with the other made fruitless gestures with the reins. As he reached the column of cadets ahead and, sympathetic laughter arose. "Hold on, Paul Brown," shouted someone, and another advised him to "stop looking that horse so rough."

"Stick with him, Mr. Layman," shouted the captain as Walt stood by, and Walt did just that. He had yet to learn how easily and painlessly one could slip off to the track, and even if he had known, he would have clung just the same. With feet more out of the stirrups, and he had abandoned the reins in favor of a double grip on the pommel. Ahead of him was the other end of the riding hall, around which were piled the wings and jumps which would later make the class further apart.

The middle was abrupt. Willard snorted sharply and the middle, accompanied by Walt, slipped under his belly. Walt felt flying hoofs pass his head, fell in an overwhelming, weakening fear that he had never before experienced, and released his hold. Something solid struck his side and made him reel with pain, and he found himself pined up against the wings of a jump. He stood up, weak from the blow and the recent ordeal.

The captain trotted over to where Walt was manfully rubbing his side. "Burt, Mr. Layman?"

"Not to speak of it," said Walt.

The captain turned to the class. "Who wants to ride Willard?"

**E**VERY hand went up, some with confidence, some with hope, and with great reluctance. Among these latter was Walt. But the captain vetoed him.

"I'll start you with less horsepower," he remarked, and made his eye over the paddocks. "Mr. Baxter, trade mounts with Mr. Layman."

The change was soon effected, and Walt sloppily mounted his new steed, which he found very tractable.

"You will see the way," a classmate reminded him with a grin. "The first lesson is to ride with a steady seat, you know."

"I'd like to see that," declared Walt. He knew his horse was very wild, and wished he could shake off the mountaineers with which he re-



stared even the reddest steel stood which was a deeply following the horse ahead.

Wait it leaved a great sigh at relief when the class was badly dazed and started back to a stop. As soon as they reached camp and looked back the year-laps made a rush for Wait. It was the usual custom of the third class to an-

mount the two-horned "cot dog" to the first classroom in each morning to be ridden from a house, and Wait was the victim that before the dog there was a little ceremony to attend to and Wait, struggling and laughing at the same time, was led to the orderly tent where the "poker" register was kept. He it took over, and gave them from a horse, entered his name, and opposite this, his alias. Year after year this book was kept, and no student was graduated from the Academy without his name being entered at least once.

Wait wrote his name and the date, and started his head for an aisle. Suddenly he heard, "You snuck away," and with a sudden rush, attempted to break away from the ring of freshmen. But they had expected this move, and dived into for a box. His feet and hands were removed, and he was carried to the classroom. Hile and Van were present, looking on with sympathetic grins, and Wait made the best of things. Black, blue, pink, and purple, cleaning and scrubbing solutions were obtained and applied upon him presently. Then he was laid under the covers and allowed to perspire for a while. When he finally emerged from the drug, he knew there was only one thing he desired more. And that was Willies.

"I'd be say going from now on," said Hile conclusively when he returned to his tent under a raincoat. "After a fellow gets pinned once he's not afraid of slipping off, and you concentrate on his horse."

"Huh," grunted Wait. "If you got pinned in the side by a lot of lumber when you got thrown, maybe you'd find differently. Believe me, I hate the idea of a poleing more now than I did at first."

Van looked at him with concern. "Don't let the horse get a bluff on you, Wait. They'll never give you peace if you do."

For a couple of weeks he managed fairly well. The horses assigned to him were generally testable, and although the riding instructor was not too fond of having his horse in such, he did not object himself. Very few knew of the acute mental disease with which he regarded equitation, and Hile and Van, if they followed his lead, never mentioned it. And then, one never-to-be-forgotten day, the class saw that a series of jumps had been installed for them.

The instructor led the way through the jumps for the first try, and each horse galloped obediently in line and cleared the several low hurdles under the wings. Wait, in spite of himself, nervously grabbed

the pommel each time his horse jumped, although he knew that the change in post was very slight, and the next morning only to keep. Still, he was worried, and when the instructor announced that the class would take the jumps individually, he could almost feel his knees shake.

One by one the year-laps went through. Some mounts took the jumps cleanly and easily, others had to be forced into the wings. When Wait's turn arrived he trotted his mount to the opening of the wings and perched for the best. But his horse balked, he misinterpreted the signs. The horse jumped forward, Wait grabbed for the pommel, and the next instant he and the mount were jerking going over the handle. He had released his reins as he effort to hold to the pommel, and was thus approaching the next jump with the horse clinging from the latter's neck.

"You know that saddle and pack up your eyes!" thundered the instructor. Wait made an effort to stay, but saw the next jump looming up just ahead—and a three-foot hurdle could be called jumping—and unconsciously grabbed his eyes again. The horse snatched the jump and feeling no master ahead at the last, stopped short at his tracks. Wait, however, continued going, and ended over the mount's neck, and onto the track on the other side of the hurdle.

He pulled himself up, unharmed, and bowed a faint salute from the freshmen. He had failed at the first test. He hadn't the nerve to take that jump without closing deliberately to the saddle. He looked both and wondered what to do next.

"Get your horse, Mr. Lapson," and the captain bellowed, "and try again."

He recovered his mount from one of the attendants, and attempted the hurdle again. This time he and the horse stuck together, but not without some additional leather grumbling on his part.

"You can outstretch that register again," chuckled Hile as Wait pulled back into line. Hile gave him a friendly smile as he made this remark, but Wait detected an undertone of disappointment in his instructor's voice.

"I guess I won't have to be a cowboy," he said bitterly.

"You'll make an pretty soon," said Van. He spoke cheerfully, but, as with Hile, he could not conceal his disappointment.

After dinner that day he went to the orderly tent to space his horse to his name in the police register. Several names had been written in since he first wrote his. Wait dipped his pen in ink, but stopped short. In the next blank line that he would ordinarily have filled in, the scribe had been already written. It was too short, ugly word. *Tellus*.

HILE, noticing his kind state at the book, looked over his shoulder. "Somebody has a nerve," he said angrily. "All of us rub leather at times. Use the next line, Wait. That line's not for you."

"That line was meant for me," said Wait, quietly. He wrote his name in before the morning ended and returned to his seat. Hile followed him grumpily, but Wait cut him short. "It's no use, Hile. When I comes to a horse I'm just naturally in a blue funk. Everyone knows that, even if it weren't on the notice."

"I don't know it," said Van sympathetically. "And I'm not going to know it."

The quality of Hile and Van was the only bright spot in Wait's existence for

the balance of the week. He decided each night, anxious, feeling that he was the disgrace of the class, and the despair of the instructor.

The following week and when the privilege had appeared of these morning epistles to take turns out to the hills in the afternoon, he did not even look to see if any name were on the list. Nor did Hile and Van have to tell him that they were among the select few who had made the last privilege list of the summer.

With going up among the rocks Saturday afternoon, Hile told him, "What to say."

"Oh, shut!" said Wait, frowning a wail. "A Highland song?"

"On your two good feet," returned Van. "Hile is asking you how Hile did, but I've been given a more reasonable creature. If you can't get on in the hills we'll give you more practice and very especial instruction."

Down to his heart Hile knew that it would do him no good. But something deep inside him wondered what wouldn't let him out, even when he knew it was hopeless, overcame his desire for anything on four legs, and he agreed.

Saturday afternoon he started the long climb back to the hills of the mountains, the hills that seemed West Point in a saddle, instead of a hill. It was more than an hour's pace to the spot where he was to meet his friends, one of the old soldiers which turned over the town of Highland Falls. His days of sorrows had passed with the Revolution, and now it was a wonderland for those hardy souls who tried to climb, on horseback or afoot, to the crag of the Highlands. A few girls, which Nature had immortalized from the top of the ridge, made it an excellent spot for Hile's purpose.

To-day the place was deserted. Wait there knew all on the ground, however. (Continued on page 17)



Waiter looked like a horse when he rode into one



By persistence, and the use of his wondrous vocabulary, Ron tried to explain how he had killed the bear with his gun.

# PRISONER OF THE POLAR PACK

PART II

By Jack Allman

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON GRANT

RONALD BOYD stood beside the stream of his bear and watched the circle of faces with mixed emotion. If they were friendly Eskimos, he was sure. Based on the odd bits that had slipped him in the face this past month since the landing ice cut him off from return to his father's exploration ship. If they were unfriendly? Well...

Quickly, his legs wide spread, and the ladies along his spine straight up, grunted his defense. Ron stared him with a feeling of his hand on the nose with the left index again raised in question. There was a sudden gathering among the Eskimos, the weapons were lowered and one man stepped forward a couple of paces.

The head of the latter was thrown back and straight, never black hair fell down to his shoulders. His skin was smooth and clear, and the color of burnished copper. His nose consisted of red and much on also failed to hide the richness of his glowing youth, and when he spoke two rows of white teeth flashed. Ron hoped that they were about as far apart.

Unable to understand a word the young man said, Ron launched into his story of how he happened to be there. Using the simple language of the polarized Eskimo that he had learned from old Kogitok, he told them that he had been living on the ice park for a month... had shot the bear some distance away, and had killed it.

They looked at him with wooden faces. Ron's heart sank. They couldn't understand him. The young man said something to him that Ron knew

to be a question, but for the life of his couldn't make out what it was about.

Slowly, and with extreme care in the selection of the long four- and five-syllable words, Ron tried to explain that he had become lost from a big boat. Suddenly one word that he used was repeated rapidly by every man on the party. "Eskimolek! Eskimolek!" They started phoning at each other and then stared at Ron in open-mouthed amazement. "Eskimolek! Eskimolek!" Ron took heart. Here, at least was a start. If Eskimolek was common to these people and the language of the stranded Eskimos, then perhaps he had some meaning too. How was a link upon which he might hope to build a chain of conversation. Four or five of the men spoke to him in what sounded like a rapid jumble of grunts and language. He could make nothing of it. The younger men, standing out from the rest, seemed

then and spoke to Ron with unbroken precision. In his happy surprise the white boy managed to understand a few of the words, though they were very difficultly repeated than he had learned there.

However, there was a decided similarity between the two languages when spoken slowly and by phrasing on all the simple words that kept themselves in the native pronunciation, and showing liberally on the native pronunciation, Ron was soon making himself fairly well understood by the young Eskimoleks.

With the knowledge that the Eskimoleks were inclined to be friendly, Ron's mood raised happily through his exhausted body. He was named. Saved. He dropped to his knees and threw an arm around Rusty's neck. "Well, named Old Boy, don't you understand?" The Eskimolek bowed his head and turned eagerly upon the creature of the bear.

The Eskimolek crawled closer to Ron. One man immediately reached his neck, jerked his hand away, and shortly answered his finger tips. Questions were thrown at him from all sides, but Ron could make nothing of the gibber. The young Eskimoleks, and the only one who seemed to understand that it was necessary to speak slowly, told him that there was an old legend among his people that both good and bad spirits came on snowshoes. He wanted to be assured that Ron was a good spirit.

Ron suppressed a desire to laugh, but a look at the young man's other countenance showed him not to. So they thought he was a spirit, did they? He told the Eskimolek that a good legend he called him. Had he any idea of the trouble he'd follow, he might still have tried to create the impression that he was a good spirit. Instead, he tried to explain that he was

## Begin the story here

RONALD BOYD leaves the exploration ship and is suddenly separated by a shift in the ice which carries him and his dog, Rusty, far away. He wanders for days, lost on the ice and finally runs into a band of wandering Eskimos.

no children; then they were—just an ordinary man. The Eskimos would have none of such talk. Ben thought at first that they had misunderstood him, but by dint of about questioning he learned that the barking party was from a tribe that knew nothing of the existence of people other than themselves. They knew, though, that spirits sometimes took the form of human beings—these was the evil spirit of the women who had caused the whale—the one that caused so many drownings—and, hadn't he killed a bear without the use of spear or bow? These was the dead polar bear . . . where was the weapon? Only a spirit could explain that.

By goodnature, and the use of his magic vocabulary, Ben tried to explain how he had killed the bear with his gun. The Eskimos shook their heads. Human beings didn't kill bears with fancy looking sticks—they used spears or bows and arrows.

Ben picked up his knife from where it had fallen as the first excited moment of the Eskimo's approach. He skinned the heavy pit back, turned the corner of one of the bullets and dug out the broken pit. It passed him on to the alive, and then someone knew no longer.

Certainly, he was a spirit! They immediately took over the work of skinning the animal, forcing Ben aside. Spirits weren't supposed to work. With a loud snarl, Ben stopped him. Too much to say as after he had eaten. He wrote evidence the importance of concluding these simple things that he was not a spirit.

He noticed every knife being handled with distrust, and when a few minutes a pit full of mud and fish piled on the white snow. Rusty, having picked up a few scraps and taken the rough edge off his appetite, became a self-appointed guard.

The sleds were unloaded and tents of moose or deer were set up as the current who of snuff whistles Ben noticed that all of the tents unloaded there was nothing that the Eskimos had not made themselves from the materials furnished by Nature. There were stone cooking stoves, bags and ivory implements of all kinds, furnished with ingenious skill. There were long coils of line made from heavy

straw, probably whale or walrus, and a few drill rods to be operated by three men. Stone lamps, like thick, elliptical cork bowls were filled with oil from bags made of whale and skin. Around the creek-side edge was placed a work of skilled mender.

Suddenly the thought struck Ben that there must be land near by, else where did all this stone and more come from. He asked the pointing Eskimos, who had made it known that his name was Nigah. The Eskimo lay told him that the permanent house of the tribe was on a large island to the north. He recovered the news with a questioning of his palm.

His father had been right. There was the Uman. That of all explorers. The last had to be discovered. With a snaking of his head, Ben realized that his father would never know. The Arctic was guarding his secret well, for it would be impossible for him to get from here to the mainland with the Eskimos.

When the lamps had been filled till the oil barely touched the wick, Nigah set the point of the fire drill into the pitful hole in the stick of wood which he held between his feet. Around it he placed a small quantity of tinder which Ben took to be some kind of a dried shrub. On the top of the drill he set the sootied block of walrus ivory on which he bore some weight while two men, three three range of a long thrust around the staff and started puffing back and forth.

There was much laughing and talking among the men, which Ben took to be their childish anticipation of the celebration which was being planned in his honor. The fire drill spun under the twirling of the boring thing.

Just as the first tiny wisp of smoke appeared in the tinder there was a sharp snap. In the excitement of what was to follow one of the men had jerked too hard. The drill staff had broken. Nigah dropped his ivory block and tried his best to blow the splinter into a blaze, but failed in the attempt. He was about to try again with the long half of the drill when Ben struck one of his matches and touched it to the waiting logs.

Sudden cries went up from those who saw the

performance and in a minute every man in the party was examining the match box and its contents. They gazed like magpies and knew that Ben had caught a word which told him that to prove he was not a spirit was going to be a pretty tough job.

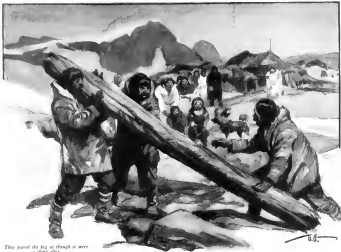
After supper had been prepared by splitting some, Nigah motioned Ben to follow him outside the tent. With an ice pick made of a pointed walrus tusk the Eskimo dug a small hole about six inches deep. Then he took from one of the sleds a carved spoke about eight feet long, and pushing the point of the long ivory tusk into a piece of the polar bear meat mixed it on end and balanced it in the hole he had dug. One of the other men poured water around the hole.

Ben saw that some of the others were doing the same while Nigah stood and held his spoke upright until it froze into place. The next, except what they would use for their meal, was now safely above the reach of the dogs, and the tension some other seemed. Rusty snarled several growls, but managed to keep pretty close to Ben's heels. Never did he let one of the hungry, gray, wolf-like dogs get behind him, and at every snarl and flash of teeth he seemed himself for an expected attack. Ben was given to understand that he would share the legends of the three trails with Nigah and three others, and when he went in to look Rusty with him.

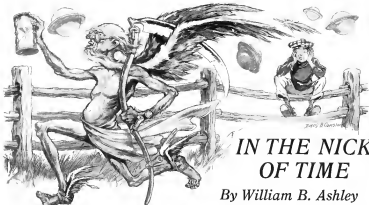
AFTER they had eaten, the entire party was gathered in the big tent. In an even circle they seated themselves on the soft polar bear and took up skins that covered the floor, while Ben sat in the center with Rusty's head in his lap.

Nigah was the first in perfect and shaming by the doorway he told at great length of his progress as a leader. Every few minutes he would break off to call Ben's attention to the fact that he was still a young man and that greater things might be expected of him as he grew older. He wound up his story of self-praise with a piece of acting showing how he had killed his first spirit, which Ben knew to be the largest of the and finally, sometimes assuming a night of eight hundred years.

When Nigah had finished. (Continued on page 82)



They passed the log as though it were a living thing.



The old boy will find you a merry chase

## IN THE NICK OF TIME

By William B. Ashley

DECORATIONS BY EROS B. CONSTOCK

**R**ICHARD BROWN, fastener years old and a hearty eater, luffly set up as hot, panted, toward midle the corner and glared at his slaved clock. The clock had stopped at midnight! "Must have happened to wind her up," admitted Dick, stretching debonairly, and signed out of bed. "That's funny" (winking away at the clock and getting no reaction), "something ain't been happened to it." "Dad," he asked, "what's the time?" But Dad's watch had stopped, too.

"Dad?" Mother's voice came up from the kitchen, "what time is it, dear? The clock has stopped."

"Well," thought Dick, actually hurrying into his clothes, "can't this something?"

It proved to be something. When the Browns roused up the Greens on the telephone, to get the time, they learned with astonishment that the Greens had just been asking the Blacks the same question, only to learn that their time piece also had functioned off work at midnight.

A panicky feeling gripped the whole town. A. Smith's modeler and combd their neighborhoods for a clock, or a watch that still was on the job, but they found not one.

The streets became dotted with staided citizens hurrying to business or to home for the city, showing each other their silent watches and talking contently about what had occurred. However, men discussing the strange happening, when they children were sent for school. Schoolkeepers were closing their doors as they opened their shops for open-work. A small crowd gathered in front of the mayor's house, as though he were responsible, though he, Mayor, was more content than they were. The railroad station became jammed with impatient and bewildered commuters, for not a train was running. Every time piece on the line, including the conductor's reliable watches, had quit work, and railroad people were helplessly trying to get the time from the telephone pole, so they could start their trains.

But the telephone people were at a loss. Their trustworthy clocks had stopped at midnight too, as though at some mysterious signal. The manager's effort was knowing Washington to tell them what time it was, and what asked their clocks. Washington, however, had been solving all people's and used to give them the time, thus midnight, when the standard clocks at the Naval Observatory had gained the strike. Washington could give no information.

By noon, recognized as a general way by the position of the sun, wind had been fished around the place and into every town and city, that not only time pieces, but all telegrams and accounts and order books with, which accounts and order bills had, for centuries, brought down the sun to get the correct time, had been rendered useless by some mysterious light. Not one throughout the world had stopped.

Only in the deep jungles of Africa and South America and in the ignes of the Arctic, where clocks are practically unknown, and unneeded, was life unaf-

fected. The rest of the world was suddenly set back where it was by remote ages, when the only divisions of Time known were the natural ones of season, morning and sunset.

"A fine state of things indeed!" Dick Brown declared with a broad grin, thinking that at least there would be no school.

All the affairs of our highly complex civilization, depending as they did upon accurate knowledge of the time, became deranged. An elaborate system of recording the time for all parts of the world had been developed as the world grew, and now, suddenly, that system would not work. The whole civilized world was lumpy tarry when, at the end of a week, the cause of the weird calamity was discovered and overcome.

A valuable result of this look-back experience, however, was the wide interest that developed in the study of Time, particularly in the value of Time.

Reversing our knowledge of how our system of telling time comes to be what it is, we find that the first natural division of Time was days and nights, was followed by the arbitrary division of Time into the work of seven days. We have no absolute record of how the week originated and became the staff of our present calendar. The week has no relation at all to the movements of the moon around the earth, nor to that of the earth around the sun, nor to the positions of certain stars, all of which phenomena form the basis of our system of Time.

The early Egyptians with much ceremony named the days of the week after seven planets, beginning with the most remote, Saturn, and working down through Jupiter, Mars, the Sun, Venus, Mercury and the Moon. However, ancient Assyrians, who, like the Egyptians, got the idea of the week from eastern sources, decided to substitute for their names those of their own deities, which being translated into our English, are still retained, as follows:

Latin	Greek	English
Dies Solis	Sun's Day	Sunday
Dies Lunae	Moon's Day	Monday
Dies Martis	Mars's Day	Tuesday
Dies Mercurii	Mercury's Day	Wednesday
Dies Jovis	Jupiter's Day	Thursday
Dies Venus	Venus's Day	Friday
Dies Saturni	Saturn's Day	Saturday

The work of seven days was made a legal division of time by Constantine the Great, in 321 A.D., when he adopted Christianity.

It is equally noteworthy just when, or by what people, the day first was divided into hours. The number of hours in a day might as easily have been six, or eight or twelve, but as the signs of the sun moved in a circle, it came the reason for dividing it into 24 equal hours, is not known. Just possibly we can read the secret in the stars. It happened, however, to be a convenient and suitable arrangement, even though it often leads us into trouble through forgetting at just what hour we proceeded to do this or that. (Continued on page 31)





# MASK MAKING

By Edwin T. Hamilton

IMAGES BY HARRY MAKERS

**A**LL of us are familiar with masks of one sort or another, but few of us realize that they are as old as time. Before making masks, let us find out something of their history. To do so, we must travel a long trail into the dim ages of the past. We find them on the faces of men in the mighty lands of ancient Egypt. They appear in the religious and unreligious rites of early Buddhism. A glimpse of them is caught in China, and as early as the 7th or 8th century we find them in Japan.

They were used in Greece and Rome, and in America we see them as fundamental objects in the religious life of our aboriginal tribes. With their use for interesting and instructive studies, we are not particularly concerned with their historical or dramatic significance. Our interest lies rather in their actual construction and the way to which we may put them.

All of us like to masquerade. It is fun—even for a short time—to change our everyday appearance and live another role. This explains the popularity of Halloween and masquerade parties. Another use for masks is as well decorations. Study the illustrations of the masks shown here. Can't you imagine them hanging on your walls at home? Their interesting makes them decidedly effective from the standpoint of pure decoration.

We are all mask makers at heart! From our childhood days, when we were first introduced to various fun of us can fall to construct the joy of "making faces." Some of them were strange, a few ugly, and the majority funny. When we changed our features in this manner, we were making masks of our faces. The object of this article is to show you how to make masks for your face.

Masks can be made by two methods. The first is used for the costume "false face." We know as well while the second is for the more elaborate masks worn at plays, fancy dress balls, and masquerades. The former type is easier to make, while the latter requires experience, knowledge, and careful workmanship. However, the fundamental principles of both methods are the same and will be fully explained as they are dealt.

The first step in making a mask is to model the head in clay. To do this, we require a flat board about 1 inch thick, 12 inches wide and 12 inches long. When a finished head is in the center of the board about 1/2 inch wide and 1/2 inches long. Such a face drawn at random into the oval position as that they extend out from the board is shown in Fig. 1. These serve to hold the clay together and lead it to the board.

When the modeling board has been completed, we are ready to select and prepare our clay. If you are lucky enough to live near a stream it can be dug from there, but if not, manufactured clay or Plastiline can be purchased from your nearest art or pottery supply house. If felt clay is used, it should be mixed with water until about the consistency of thick cream. All lumps and other foreign matter must be worked from it with the fingers and the cream water then drained off. When this mixture has been allowed to dry until it becomes a thick paste, it is ready for use. Plastiline requires no preparing, while manufactured clay should be prepared as directed when purchased.

The clay is now placed on the oval portion of the board and pressed fairly down on the surface. The modeling of the face is then done, which presents the modeler with his first opportunity to test his own creative ability. Note how the modeling is done in the clay in Fig. 2.

If the mask is to be the form of a real face, repeated study of your own in a mirror will be undoubtedly study

the various illustrations of masks given here. Note the one shown in Fig. 3. This is a comical mask, but if you wish the grotesque, the features of the face can be changed accordingly.

Various masks are shown to aid the modeler in making any of several types. These range from simple like those in the work of one of America's most famous mask makers, Harry Makers, whose students permit the printing of his set in these pages.

When modeling, the grotesque or comical can be led by changing the features of the face. Such things as bulging the forehead, bulging up the eyebrows, making the eyes more slit or deep holes, pulling out the cheeks or making them bulge, adding length to the nose or making it very hooked, giving the face a wide or drooping mouth, and a hundred other distorted forms of your own imagination create this effect. Controlling the face has no limits except those of the worker's imagination.

When the model is completed, the clay must be allowed to dry over night. If Plastiline has been used, this drying period is not required. We are now ready to make our mask. At this point, the two methods differ. For the beginner making false faces, the mask can be covered directly on the model, but for all the work, a plaster cast is taken from the clay. The writer recommends the first method for all beginners. When experience has been gained, casts can be made and beautiful work turned out. With this in mind, let us complete a mask by the first method, and then study the second.

**A**LL experts agree that the best material for masks is only heavy blanking paper. Any old blotters will serve splendidly. If, for any reason, these should be difficult to obtain, old newspapers, ordinary paper toweling or heavy paper can be substituted.

Test the paper into strips about 1/2 inch wide and three or four inches long. The paper is prepared, torn at the rough corners of the face edges and in breaking the strips together. Floor and water are now mixed to a hard to make a heavy paste. The paper is first dipped in clay water and then soaked in the paste. When the paper has become soggy, note the parts, it is ready for use.

If ordinary clay has been used for the model, the surface should be given a coat of white Vaseline to prevent the paper from sticking when dry. If Plastiline has been used, this greasing operation will not be necessary.

The paper strips are now transferred to the clay in a satisfactory position. Working with one strip at a time, place one on the model and press it into position. Make sure that all corners, holes, and other contour lines of the model have the paper pressed well into them. Starting at the top of the forehead, covering the pieces as they are placed on the face, and completely cover the model before applying the second layer.

As each layer is added, make sure that all edges are pressed down. The number of thicknesses depends somewhat on how stiff and thick you wish your mask. If the blotting paper has been used, four thicknesses will be sufficient, but if newspaper or toweling has been substituted, five or six will be needed. Layers may be added while the water runs on, still wet. Note this step in Fig. 3.

When completed, the mask must be allowed to dry naturally on the model. Do not apply forced heat as this is apt to crack the model and ruin the mask. Do not remove the mask from the clay until all hard (except dry) has been completely dried.

The mask, when perfectly dry, should be removed and immediately crumpled. All loose ends, then (Continued on page 26)

# AS A MAN SPEAKS

By William Heyliger

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL DUDLEY

Dr. David Stone solves another mystery

"HARD!" said Police Captain Tucker. "That's what he is, Doctor—hard!" The others drew a sounding but into the palm of his other hand to emphasize the point. The German shepherd dog, lying on front of the fireplace, lifted his long neck, pulled his jaw severely in the warmth of the blazing logs. The major went whistled about the house, a shatter banged like the report of a gun, and Joe Morrow jumped.

"You snore, you snore, and slide out his chin as though you could not wait you were going to be about it. You snore out his suggestions. Wouldn't be surprised if it turned out he was a dangerous sleeper."

"You have been only as put," Dr. Stone pointed out calmly.

"Safe enough for the present," Captain Tucker admitted, "but I can't hold him forever as a case against."

"Then you're not charging him with murder?"

"How can I? You can't prove a murder without producing a body. Whose's that corpse? Where's Bostley Wilkes, alive or dead? He hasn't been seen. You pass his place every day, Joe. When did you see him last?"

"Wednesday," Joe Morrow, Dr. Stone's nephew, answered. "He called me and I saw him and I saw him leaving around."

"Nobody's seen him since Wednesday. That was six days ago. That morning he and Bud had a talk outside the post office—something about money—and suddenly Bud pulled out that he'd kill him. Down people heard it. And since late Wednesday Bostley has vanished."

"Why did Bud want to kill him?" the blond doctor asked.

"How do I know?"

"Might be worth looking into," the blond man decided.

"Haven't I tried to arrest it out of him? Haven't I called him trying to make him tell where he hid the body? What do I get? A stick out wire, and a moon, and him telling me he's not a suspect. That's progress, isn't it?"

The blond man's head pointed against the back of the chair, his light-blue eyes seemed to stare unblinkingly at some object on the ceiling. The pale face had the outline of grooves where Joe, smiling by all his talk of murder and a hidden body, pulled at a thought that had occurred to him more than once in the past. "Could anything happen that would shake his snore out of that unworldly tranquility?"

"How did you say he was, Captain?"

"Tough."

The doctor sat up and knocked the ash of his pipe into the fire place. No boy is hard at heart, Captain. He only thinks he is. And I'll talk to him."

Captain Tucker sighed. "I was hoping you would."

Dr. Stone reached for the dog's snore. More work for us, did not he say, and the dog barked at him steadily. Joe wondered if he understood. They went out to the small police car, the heavy doghouse assembly, leaving the blond man through the door in the running board. Crouched into the car, Joe and the dog in the rear

rest, they rode rapidly toward the village. Bud

"How long is it since Bud left here?" Dr. Stone asked.

"Seven years. That's what I can't understand. Why should he come back after seven years to do

what he did here?"

After the physician reported him missing, we searched the house. Found a will and a note written only the day before the summer of Bud at the post office.

The note said if anything happened to him

"You see, Doctor? He was afraid that something would happen."

"He wrote that, made the dog bark and then went to bed. The blond man asked slowly."

Joe thought that Captain Tucker had the look of a man standing over a rock, he had not seen "Well—" The Captain coughed awkwardly. "Why couldn't Bud have gone to the house several times before that morning outside the post office? Certainly he should have planned to go to the streets until Bostley appeared. Anyway, the note said if anything happened to him to notify his brother, Gus Wilkes, at once."

"Any witness to the will?"

"No. Oh, it's in his handwriting. We proved that."

"Who gets his property?"

"His brother, Gus Wilkes."

DR. STONE said, "I'd like to meet him," and whistled suddenly under his breath. Joe, sitting last on the rear seat, had the feeling that his snore had touched something hidden in the dark. The car halted outside the village hotel.

"I want to go down with you," Captain Tucker grunted. "He wouldn't talk if I were there."

"I'll take Joe with me," Dr. Stone said, and a twinkling led him, boy and dog down a dingy staircase. It was the first time Joe had ever seen this black corridor of evil, and his heart gave heavy with a sick chill. A key turned in a lock, and the jail attendant threw open an iron-bound door.

"Nobody to see you, Joe," the jailer said.

"I don't want to see anybody," a voice answered hoarsely.

The blond man said, "Left, left," and followed the dog into the cell. Joe saw a thickened youth who sat cowering upon a cot. At sight of them he rose with an air of bewilderment. The cell door closed.

"What's the deal?" the harsh voice demanded. "Trying to scare me with a dog?"

Nobody's trying to scare you, Joe. Don't you remember me? I'm Dr. Stone."

Another cough.

"No," the blond man said gruffly. "You found—And here's another friend—Joe Morrow. You ought to remember him. He was only a kid, like them, and always he loved you when you brought the case to him prison."

Joe saw the hard eyes stare. At that moment Bud Cary looked out the window, saw the light, and a lighted, bewildered look on his face.

It always brought me a talk with me, as it is. Bud and Bostley. And then like some old man, I was always



The dog wandered through the snow back and forth, ever advancing



South had sprung back against the wall of the cell. "Hey! What is it? A new game? Trying to pull soft stuff on me? Nothing doing, Doctor. I don't talk."

"You've had your share of better days, haven't you?" Dr. Stone asked quietly.

The blind eyes wavered.

"I know your father, Doc. It doesn't seem pos-



"With a shell any the man was on the line." "Give me the shell!"

sible that his son could better a man for a few dollars."

"It wasn't a few dollars," the blind man said thickly.

Dr. Stone, then this had really been a murder for a lot of dollars. The youth had chosen to be the witness and stood against the stage wall behind by the speaking significance of his admission.

"Doc," the blind man said, "don't try to fool me and don't try to fool yourself. You're just a piece, and you've had caught in a square that's too tight for you. Don't you think you ought to tell me?"

Who else wasn't a hard case now. It seemed, then, to steady itself, and suddenly, like a tree that sways in a storm, the blind man's head swayed, and the next he was on the side of his cot, his head to his head, sobbing.

"You know what it's like here like in here, Doctor. Everybody telling me I was a murderer and asking what I did with the body. When I said I'd kill him I was mad. I didn't mean it. I told you, Doctor, I didn't mean it."

THE blind man groped across the cell, and sat upon the cot, and one hand fell upon the boy's knee. "Take your time, Doc."

The talking had stopped. "We—we lived in the city," came from between the boy's hands "my pop and me, and pop got sick and they said he should go to the country. I don't know how it happened, but he came to Rocky Wilton." I liked it there. Then pop died, and that changed everything. I was nine then, nine nearly ten, and Wilton made me do all the cleaning—and I had to rest my legs. Telling me every day I was a pauper and threatening to send me away to the proper home. Then he began to shout and yell that I ate too much. That was when I hit out.

"I went to Philadelphia and add newspapers. They told me to keep out of the way of the cops or they'd slap me in a house because I had no folks and might be in a school. It wasn't so bad in the summer, but in the winter it was tough. Sherry days. I couldn't sell many papers, and pop made me have to sleep in a hallway that night."

"Show old man you then, Doc?"

"About winter."

Don that a glance at his walls. The unvarnished irregularity was gone. The blind man's face was dark with a little smile.

"I figured I'd go some place where there wouldn't be so much work, so I went out to California. There I got job doing the mail that got along. One day, when I was out of work and looking pretty

low, a man stopped me and asked wasn't I Doc Cag. He said I looked as though I was on my uppers, and I said I was. He said I must have gone through the money pretty fast, and I asked him what money was. He said he had been outside for the bank here and that just a few days before pop died he was out for, and went to Wilton's house, and that pop paid \$5,000 to Wilton's account for me. It seemed pop didn't want any things with lawyers and courts and trouble. Wilton was honest. Maybe this man was telling me straight and maybe he wasn't. I got thinking it over, and it seemed maybe Wilton had had it on me long as I'd fight out and he'd have the money to himself. So I came back here, and the first time I spoke to Wilton I knew it was true."

"How?" Dr. Stone asked.

"By his face."

"What was the name of the man, Doc?"

"I—I don't know. I got on excited I forgot to ask, and when I went looking for him afterwards I couldn't find him. Does that make any difference?"

"No, sir."

And Cag's hands went out in a hopeless gesture. "I don't suppose anybody'll believe me." He was up from the cot, fidgety, irritated, and "But I didn't tell him I didn't."

"I know you didn't," Dr. Stone said quietly.

Suddenly he went back upon the blind man holding the handle of the door. He looked at the dog up the damp stairway to the head quarters room. There he told Captain Tucker that Cag's story.

"A hairy tale," the police captain scoffed. "He got it out of a book or the movies. Anyhow, it doesn't explain the rifle. Where's Rocky Wilton's body?"

"Let's go to the bank," the doctor suggested. Again they rode in the police car, and again Rocky suddenly considered her answer through his own Bryan Smith, president of the bank, admitted them to his private office and closed the door.

"The Wilton case, gentlemen?"

Captain Tucker straightened. "Is a way. Cag has been back with a rifle."

"Just a moment, Captain," Dr. Stone said sharply. "Mr. Smith, did a certain man go right or nine years ago?"

"Right or nine years?" The banker considered

"That would be Herman Lang. He resigned about that time."

"Do you know why he resigned?"

"Yes. He had an offer to join a head-development company."

"What?"

"In California."

As now Captain Tucker's mouth sagged, but his uncle's face was composed. Bryan Smith lowered his voice.

"Obviously, gentlemen, we do not discuss our department's business. However, there is something I think you should know. Rocky Wilton drew out \$5,000 to cash the day he vanished. Cash?"

THE man that had been in Captain Tucker's gun was gone. Out in the car he spoke a positive judgment.

There's your mother, Doctor. Find Rocky's body and Cag'll soon tell us what he did with the doctor. Anyhow, we all know Rocky kept a tight lip on a secret. Suppose he did rob the bank. Is that any excuse for murder?"

"You haven't got proved Doc did commit a murder," the blind man suggested quietly.

"The body?" Captain Tucker snapped an impatient finger. "That's only a matter of time. It couldn't have been taken for."

Before the village here had a considerable amount they wanted. One Wilton, he said, had arrived from Baltimore and was now at the Wilton home. Captain Tucker turned the car about. Fifteen minutes later they swung. (Continued on page 26)

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Mr. R. Koenig

# BOYS' LIFE

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2 Park Ave.

New York, N. Y.



There is one lesson in all things  
and places—  
One changeless truth on all  
things changing woe,  
For boys and girls, men, women,  
nations, races—  
Be true-be fit! And once again,  
be fit!

—Rudyard Kipling

Take good health—it is so much  
easier to be happy if you "feel  
well" and strong and can "do"  
things. Having "aches and pains"  
does not bring much happiness.

—Personal Health Merit  
Badge Pamphlet

Health lies in labor, and there is  
no royal road to it but through  
 toil

—Wendell Phillips

To be strong  
is to be happy!

—Langfellow

I take the true definition of  
exercise to be labor without  
weariness.

—Johanna

## WELL AND HAPPY

THIS is the season  
when most persons  
think over the old year  
and make plans of some  
sort for the new. I hope  
that the New Year will  
bring to you many good  
things, and most of all  
health, and an understand-  
ing of the importance of  
making and keeping your-  
self physically fit. Unless  
a boy is physically fit, he  
will find it hard to do good  
work and almost impos-  
sible to enjoy fun and good times. Health is  
the basis on which wealth, wisdom, effi-  
ciency and indeed happiness are built.

I have from my own experience that almost  
any boy can make and keep himself physically  
fit, if he will follow the simple rules that bring  
health and happiness. I myself started as a  
sickly child, with a physical handicap such as  
was declared incurable. Yet, I was determined  
to overcome these conditions. How I wish that  
every boy, as the basis of his program for the  
New Year, would determine he would, as a re-  
sult of his own personal efforts, do his utmost  
to determine the facts about his physical con-  
dition and then set himself to correct any  
weakness and make himself physically fit!



In order to help the  
readers of BOYS' LIFE  
to achieve good health, we  
are this month inaugurating  
a new department  
"Keeping Physically Fit"  
by Dr. C. Ward Crumpton,  
of New York. Each  
month this will give you  
interesting facts about  
your body and worth while  
health rules. I urge every  
boy to do his part by read-  
ing these articles each  
month and following the  
simple instructions that we give.

We, in Scouting, emphasize physical  
strength, because we believe that it is funda-  
mental. It is a part of the Scout Oath. To  
be physically strong does not necessarily in-  
volve strenuous athletics or forced drills, but  
it does involve an intelligent understanding  
on the part of each boy that he is the trustee  
of his own body. It does involve a regular  
physical check-up once or twice a year. It  
does involve a knowledge of the simple rules of  
diet, exercise, good health habits and a happy  
attitude toward life. These we shall try to  
give you through Dr. Crumpton's articles.

I urge you not to think of your health pro-  
gram as something that you do not need unless

you actually fall sick. Make it a positive  
and active force in your life. A recent sur-  
vey showed that eighty-five percent of boys of  
high school age have physical defects which a  
constructive program might largely remedy.  
Certainly it is your own responsibility to find  
out the facts in your own case. Certainly it  
is your own responsibility to try to make  
yourself physically fit, so that you will feel  
that it is almost an ancient thing to show a  
physical student to get the better of you.

Do not think that health affects your body  
alone. It affects your mind, your work, your  
relationship with your home, your friends and  
all with whom you come in contact. It affects  
your entire attitude toward life.

At this New Year season, I want to pass on  
to you some rules for health and happiness  
which were developed by a friend of mine and  
which impressed me greatly.

### How to Be Well and Happy

1. Don't worry—smile.
2. Laugh it off.
3. Serve with sacrifice.
4. Be it now and have peace.
5. Belief—use mind, nerves and muscles.
6. Do not get out of pose.
7. Get next to God—and stay there.
8. Think of the things that make you  
happy, not the things that make you sad.



# HIKING WITH GREEN BAR BILL

**1933**—some of the most memorable years in our country's history—then came to a close.

A great leader is leading our nation toward its destiny. Great men are needed today as never before, to help him carry our country forward.

We are just boys. Yet we do not have to wait until we grow up for our chance.

Let us prepare ourselves, as we step into 1934, to do everything in our power to be **GRAT BOYS—NOW!**

That's the way we can help make our country's greatness.



**T**HERE goes the year! We are off to a morning start!

Another hounding year is ahead and we have loads to do.

Do know it yet?

Are you the kind of a Patrol Leader who has as many ideas and so much initiative that his Patrol is kept going full steam all the time, doing exciting things—or are you the kind who steps after every step to ask yourself and your fellows:

"Now, what shall we do?"

Then you go on wondering, do you prefer to have your gas tank filled at the start with enough to carry you to your destination,

or are you satisfied to stop at every service station on the road for a pint of gas to carry you to the next stop?

Foolish question?

Naturally, you fill your tank at the outset. And, naturally, you plan your Patrol week ahead, because you know that planning far more than reacting to last minute emergencies will get you somewhere—and quickly, at that!

So, let us fill our Patrol with high test diesel—loads of ideas and meetings with definite things to be done at each, with help before for every month of the year—besides the advancement that goes on all the time.

To help you plan, let me tell you what I consider a full tank for a year's travel:

**January**—North Pole hike. Knitting, apies and holiday camp boards. Start of summer camp activities plan.

**February**—Training hike. 100% inspection in Boy Scout, Wolf, Red Cross hiking.

**March**—Training hike. Five training Model Exploring kit, traps, camp guides.

**April**—Exploring hike. Cooking. Tree planting. Making of Patrol map magazine.

**May**—Mapping hike. Judging. Map making and building of plane table. Planning for summer camp.



**June**—Nature hike. Bird tree, star study. Nature collection. Making ready for summer camp.

**July**—The whole Patrol in summer camp. Training, advanced camp work and woodwork. Summer camp. Summer camp. Summer camp.

**August**—Summer camp. More camp work. Summer camp. Summer camp. Summer camp.

**September**—Adventure hike. Recruiting. Training of new members.

**October**—Catching kids. Use of axe and knife. Making of new facilities for Patrol den.

**November**—Scout. Idea. Advanced studying Christmas gift landwork.

**December**—Review hike. First aid. Patrol toy shop for Christmas Good Turn.

Such a planned program should easily make your Patrol the best in the Troop. But not only that: There is no chance that any of your boys will drop out. People don't usually jump off speeding automobiles!

**EACH** hike should have an objective. Agreed?

And what about making the objective "strong"? On other words, hiking is the sake of hiking? I was out on a trip with a Patrol a few weeks ago. To get to their camp site from the trucking terminal, they had to walk two miles. And if they weren't nearly exhausted when they finally got there!

It is short here that we understand walking. It is one of the best exercises known. It strengthens the lungs and the heart, straightens the back, develops the muscles and makes the blood run fighting through your veins.

There is genuine health in walking. Especially at the time of the year when the weather is crisp and the wind puts color into your cheeks.

I got a great thrill from making a new-age article about a patrol leader.

Dr. John H. Pincus, a member of our Executive Board—and a well known Every body he takes a walk around Manhattan Island, a distance of thirty-two miles. This year he did it again—and he was seventy years old!

It made me think of our old Patrol. Once after a rally in a neighboring city, we decided we might as well walk home—and did it—twenty-seven miles. The last five were the hardest. . . . but we made them gloriously.

But then—were we always in training. We were always doing lots of not hiking. Not on roads, not—but so the byways where there is plenty to see as you walk through fields, woods and villages. And not considering about getting lost, but with you with the first and only article that ever you hit your head and threw out your chest and going your arms as you get into after mile behind you without much effort—pleading in the primitive lap years that walking brings.

Start your Patrol on shorter expeditions. Indeed, your boys in daily walking, teach them to walk right. Then make the hikes longer, get into an even speed of about three and a half to four miles an hour and not stop every five minutes for a rest. When you do take a rest, take on a hill or on a walking—make it a real one, the boys bring down with their legs up against a stump to make the blood run from there.

When the minutes are up, stop out of it and get off again with the and get on walking.

Thus, hiking, to get home—find that happy—and into a hot bath and open window. . . . What a good and pleasant feeling.

**T**HERE is nothing that lightens the heart and clears the road on a fall hiking expedition like a refreshing morning song. And that isn't the only thing, either, that makes hikes. It makes the hardest job easier and puts cheer and an atmosphere of joy into your day.

Unless your Patrol knows how to sing and enjoys it, I wouldn't consider it a real live Patrol.

It is up to you as Patrol Leader to make your patrol a singing group. If you can't sing too well yourself, you can usually encourage one of your boys to take over the song leadership.

Sing whenever an opportunity arises—on the road, at the meeting, in camp, around the fire. But be particular about your choice. Careful of the song, and sing it every day after three repetitions. A few only live on and become part of our country's song treasures.

Some of these. There are plenty in that treasury to choose from. Sing every month of your Patrol. Many of them you will find in the Scout song book—Songs Before Sing—where you will find



learn so often that you know them by heart. Get up a list of the songs you boys like to sing—and sing them. Have everyone learn the words—it is useful when, after the annual fire of a song, you have to make a "dicks de-oh"—and when they have mastered the first selection, add new ones to it, keep the list growing.

And then some day when a special hour seems to dash with your boys, make it the Patrol time. While your boys are to it—your boys can start a new routine or something similar the Patrol—will adopt it as your official song. Such a song will help Patrol traditions and Patrol spirit to grow.

**T**HE next month right take out your Patrol and get your boys started on the study.

"Craps!" I hear you say. Why, the time is coming, you can hardly say any other.

Fortitude. But the few you can see the important ones, those of greatest magnitude, the ones that make the main pattern of our civilization.

All the smaller ones and the daily very common in the most of day—and make it so much easier to distinguish the ones that count.

So, the point?

To choose the difficult for you to handle the Big Dipper, the Five Stars and Constellations. And with those for a guide and your Handbook for a map you will find a simple enough to travel around the heavens, getting out, Capella and Vega, Cassiopeia and Polaris, the heavenly twins, Antares and Procyon, and in constellations, the and Sirius, Altair, and Rigel. Even a couple of planets, such as Venus, Jupiter or Mars, may be shining for you.

And try it. You will find that it works and will help your boys to learn the constellations for more advanced study, when, on a dark winter night, every star is lit in the skies.

**W**HAT about a game for your next Patrol meeting? Here is one you may get lots of fun out of. It is called Observation by fire, but to make it more exciting, we'll call it "Mentored House".

Put up a sheet in one corner of the den, get your instruments together and put behind the blue light with them. At your signal, everyone "Mentored House" means that, each boy takes and writes down what he thinks he hears.

Here are some good "songs":

Turn the pages of a book quickly. . . . pull a cork out of a bottle. . . . pour water into a. . . . (Continued on page 100)

# THE SCOUT WORLD

By  
James E. West

Chief  
Scout  
Executive



**A**GAIN we are able to open the Golden Book of Scouting to number open its pages to the names of four Boy Scout troops, boys who at the risk of their own lives saved the lives of others. They proved that the Scout motto, "Be Prepared," meant something very real to them. When their chances came, they were "prepared!"

**COLUMBUS, IOWA—** THE first of the heroes in Robert Reynolds, an eighteen-year-old Eagle Scout of Troop 11, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, who rescued a sixteen-year-old girl, Paula Hendry, from drowning.

With three other girls about her own age, she was walking in the Cedar River, at Cedar Rapids, near Center Road, trying to reach a small island out in the stream. Suddenly one of the girls slipped into a deep hole. She yelled to her companions, who immediately started to scramble back, up and down. In their excitement they too slipped into deep water. One succeeded in swimming back to safety. The other three were speechlessly crouched where they were, waiting.

The ones of the girls to help reached Robert and he found a way

and, another boy, ten-year-old Robert Reynolds, came swimming. Robert went between the shore and the island. He was able to swim, but failed to recognize the danger of wind and a strong tide. He found himself beyond his depth and unable to fight his way back to shore. He called for

help. Edward was in his own boat nearby and heard the cries.

He rushed down the beach and into the water fully clothed, swimming about fifty yards to the drowning boy. With a strong wind, it was difficult for him to swim, and he was nearly exhausted before he was able to reach the boy. The report of this case shows that Edward Harrison, recognizing as he did a flowing tide and an offshore wind, made the rescue at the greatest personal risk.



Facing the water from the shore, the first of the heroes in Robert Reynolds, an Eagle Scout of Troop 11, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, who rescued a sixteen-year-old girl, Paula Hendry, from drowning.

On the island, the first of the heroes in Robert Reynolds, an Eagle Scout of Troop 11, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, who rescued a sixteen-year-old girl, Paula Hendry, from drowning.



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**COLUMBUS, IOWA—**

**ANOTHER** twelve-year-old Tenderfoot, Paul Winkler, a member of Troop 10 of Columbus, Iowa, proved himself a hero by saving the lives of Arthur Stewert, eight, and Roger Guffy, ten. A heavy rain had fallen in which the two boys were playing. Arthur Stewert, slipped and fell into the water and was unable to get back to shore.

Paul saw the accident from shore and immediately started to run down to the water's edge where he found the boys in the water. He tried to get them out, but they were too far out. He called for help and a few minutes later a boat came. Paul was able to get the boys out of the water and they were taken to the hospital.

With a pole, Paul was able to get the boys out of the water. He was able to get them out of the water and they were taken to the hospital. Paul was able to get the boys out of the water and they were taken to the hospital.

**COLUMBUS, IOWA—**

**YET** another Tenderfoot, Arthur Stewert, eight, and Roger Guffy, ten, were saved by Paul Winkler, a member of Troop 10 of Columbus, Iowa, who saved the lives of



On the island, the first of the heroes in Robert Reynolds, an Eagle Scout of Troop 11, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, who rescued a sixteen-year-old girl, Paula Hendry, from drowning.

drowning boy. With a friend and several other boys were skating on the Cedar River on the frozen bank of a dam. At the edge of an open pond below the spillway of the dam were two boys, Arthur Stewert, eight, and Roger Guffy, ten. Arthur Stewert, slipped and fell into the water and was unable to get back to shore. Paul saw the accident from shore and immediately started to run down to the water's edge where he found the boys in the water. He tried to get them out, but they were too far out. He called for help and a few minutes later a boat came. Paul was able to get the boys out of the water and they were taken to the hospital.



On the island, the first of the heroes in Robert Reynolds, an Eagle Scout of Troop 11, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, who rescued a sixteen-year-old girl, Paula Hendry, from drowning.

valuable chapter up the river on the opposite bank. They ran along the water's edge and hoped to be seen by the boys. When they reached the spot, one of the girls had disappeared. The boys tried to rescue her, but they were too far out. They called for help and a few minutes later a boat came. The boys were able to get the girl out of the water and she was taken to the hospital.

**TWELVE** YEAR-OLD Tenderfoot Scout, Ed Harrison, of Troop 10 of Columbus, Iowa, who saved the lives of



# KEEPING PHYSICALLY FIT



January

**T**HE best best for January is a lot of healthy, well-worn advice that your father, who was also a doctor, used to give me on occasion. "Keep your feet warm and your head cool," his good advice, any way you look at it, but especially good for January.

Feet get cold when from getting out so damp. Perhaps we don't rub the rubber shoes and we don't wear them, if we can get out of it. But when there is snow or wet, wear rubbers or canvas.

If the feet get wet, dry them, rub them; but do not heat them. A rapid change of temperature from cold to hot they exposure to cold injures the tissues. Wet cold is far worse than dry cold. Avoid it.

Wear double socks if you go out for long hikes, one silk or hole next to the skin and one wool outside, or use very heavy pair of wool socks.

It is the air again surrounding the foot that acts like a blanket and keeps it warm.

Have your hiking shoes large enough. Give the feet plenty of room when out in the cold. The Lopholoma was large boots with room enough for a layer of dead grass around the foot. This makes an air blanket for the thick elastic all-weather-soled wooden sock.

Wise Almond Bess took his first expedition down to the Adirondack he asked me to give a thorough physical and medical examination of the whole personnel. He made two requests, one of which was to get special attention in the feet, for he said, "We expect them to see their heads in work and emergency, but they must see their feet all the time." And they did, except when they were sleeping or lying.

In all our weather of the feet, perspiration, frozen so quickly that sharp ice crystals quickly form on the surface and cut into the skin. This tendency can be lessened by the medical examination. It is associated with a tendency towards diabetes, which has more to do with the efficiency of the digestion than it has with the hands and feet.

## The Bridge Test

**A** WEAKE neck makes a weak man. A strong neck is necessary for every kind of athletic and every field of human endeavor. A man with a strong neck can see his head better and he is less likely to lose it.

A well-trained neck, with the blood circulating freely through it to and from the head and head, is a great help to every part of the body.

There are nervous and nerve centers in the neck which control and direct respiration, blood action and digestion. In the neck is located the great power-control station, the thyroid glands, and the parathyroid glands, the parathyroid glands.

There are great stories about these, but all point to the advantage of having strong muscles in the neck.

There are eighty-six muscles in the neck. Those of the sides and back of the neck are very important.

You have seen a wrestler as his hands and feet are his head and there the full weight of his opponent off in back. That is strength.

You have seen a wrestler throw on his back, his head and shoulders off the mat so that his weight is nothing entirely on his head and his feet. This is the "wrestler's bridge" (See this.) Try it.

If you can do it the first time you try it, you are good. If you can hold it for 20 seconds you are better. If you can neck your head from side to side or turn over as you rest on the back and turn and then turn back to the "bridge" again, you are better than 90 out of 100. And if you can walk around your head without touching your head to

By  
**Dr. C. Ward Crampton**



**AS I have repeatedly stated, it is the personal responsibility of every boy not only to know about his physical condition, but to know how he can make and keep himself physically fit. Doctors are obligated to do this by the Storer Oath. To help make this interesting and to enable the boy to better understand how he can keep himself physically fit, we have secured the services of Dr. C. Ward Crampton, for many years a selfless worker in scouting and now a member of our Committee on Health and Safety, to conduct this page.**

Dr. Crampton is a practicing family physician and one of the founders of the Public Schools Athletic League. He organized the New York State Medical campaign for health examination, and the "Crampton test of physical condition" has just been adopted by the National Interscholastic Athletic Association. He has been a Director of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers.

He is the author of *The Daily Health Builder*, and other books on health. Readers of **BOYS' LIFE** are invited to write personally to Dr. Crampton in care of **BOYS' LIFE**, asking any questions that they may choose relating to the subject of "KEEPING PHYSICALLY FIT."

James E. Ward  
Editor



feet, you are wonderful and you have gone far enough.

But go at it again or you get a stiff neck. Think the muscles by daily exercise and you have a strong back when most people have a weak back.

Next month we will have an interesting and important test of athletic condition which you can do yourself. It requires you, first, to know how to take the pulse. Go to work and become expert

doing this month for now is the time to learn.

## How Long Is a Minute?

**Y**OU would be surprised to learn what a difference of opinion may be found upon this point. Not more than one man out of three can tell the length of a minute within ten seconds. Two out of three still guess less than fifty seconds or more than seventy seconds. Test this out for yourself!

Get together a group of boys, or try it some evening with the family at home. This is the way to do it. Get your watch ready and then explain the test. Each one is to raise his right hand when he thinks that the minute is up. Now wait until the second hand reaches the even minute and give the watch "go."

Mark down on paper the number of seconds that



have passed as each one raises his hand. When all are finished read off your score.

There is one way that you can improve your score more quickly than any other. This is by counting the pulse. First you must know how to take your pulse and then how many beats it runs to the minute. Some people have a pulse slower or quicker than others. The pulse will usually be faster when standing up than when sitting or lying down. Try out this test and develop some skill in judgment of time is important as well as judgment of disease.

## How to Take the Pulse

The pulse may be found on the inside of the thumb side of the wrist, and this is the best way to find it, if you do not know how.

Stand in front of your "palace." He stretches out his right hand with the thumb up. Let it rest on the palm of your right hand looking at it closely. You will see two tendons running down from the thumb—one toward the back of the hand, which we disregard. The other one runs down the root of the thumb over the top and end of the bone on the thumb side of the forearm. This bone is called the radius. (Between these two tendons, by the way, is a little hollow which used to be called the "weak spot," for when our Colored ancestors took and they dropped a little in this hollow and waited it up the month. This is quite out of fashion now, and a good thing at that.)

Now the three fingers of your right hand down the thumb along the tendon and along the radius. Now you will find the pulse just inside the edge of the radius where the radial artery lies. Let the fingers slip from the knee under the artery and you feel the beats of the pulse. We use the pads of the fingers because they are the most sensitive. The thumbs are the most clumsy as well as apt to be out of the skin that it had a pulse of its own which interfered.

Practice finding the pulse and perfecting counting. Try the right arm and then the left. See that you can find it at any time, and quickly.

There are other places in the body where the pulse can be counted, any place in fact, where an artery comes near the surface. The inside of the upper arm and behind the eye are good places, in the neck under the angle of the jaw, in front of the ear, etc.

It is a good thing to know about these pulse-taking spots, for accidents in these positions are most likely to be ignored, and a knowledge of their location will give treatment in emergency.

## SEA LORE



## QUEEN OF THE SEAS

### The Yankee Clipper

**S**PEED! That was the one dominating idea in the mind of every clipper captain. A much less speed produced than ours, these hulls were turned "Crack on more and... Break out everything slow and shift. Drive the toe out of her!"

And they drove them, in the old days of "forty-two." They swung out ahead when other ships were in the water, they hung on in the wind when the lee decks were bulging with angry foam. Clipper captains are known to have hoisted sails on the ships' boats and there is a yarn about a hard-astid old sailing-master who actually god-blessed the helmsman of the upper sails lest a terrified mate should lose his nerve and let them go.

Why all this speed? Because ships were the very life of America's early trade, were the only link with the outside world. One young republic, growing by leaps and bounds, needed foreign products and needed them in a hurry. Finally, gold was discovered in California in 1848.

"Forty-and-He!" The cry went up from two thousand throats as the great news filtered through to the East. The gold rush was on.



Now in those days covered wagons were slow, Indian trails, and railroads as their midway. Yet go West men must and would.

I came from Salem City  
With my sack load on my back,  
I'm going to California,  
The gold state for to try.

And there was sailing in France at \$400 a barrel! Fortune was waiting to be made.

The quakers was, too, to get rows and ropes out to this land of gold in the shortest possible time. The answer was the clipper ship.

Away back about 1810, fast, white steamships called Baltimore Clippers, perhaps because they "clipped" through the water. They were so fast that some turned down and put out under the flag for many years! A golden named Griffiths, in 1812, got the idea of building a large vessel along these lines. He took the old type of round fat hull,

By Coulton Waugh

ILLUSTRATED BY TIM AUSTIN

lengthened and narrowed it and pushed the bow to a sharp point. He called his new ship the Rainbow. Old timers looked scornfully at the vessel on the stocks and shook their heads. "First class will do for her," they pronounced. "Look, she's long, curved nicely out. It's quite nature!" But they were wrong. The Rainbow proved very fast and seaworthy. So when the gold rush came along three years later the stage was all set for the entrance of the clipper ship.

It was a supreme moment for a master ship builder and the man who owned it was Donald McKay. Out of his yards in Boston came in a steady procession the fleet, fastest ships ever built, ships like Lightning, Flying Cloud, Starboard Air and Sovereign of the Seas. McKay became the greatest ship builder in the world's history.



BLACK BACON (1840) 'FORECASTLE'



CAPTAIN JOHN (1840) 'THE SEAS'

**C**OMPARE the hulls of the *Forecastle* and the *Sovereign of the Seas* on this page and you will see the change which a few years had made. The *Forecastle*, a perfect looking line of pre-clipper days, is typical of her time. She is fat, high and wide, with a bow as round as a watermelon (apple-shaped bows). At the same time, they used to push the whole Western Ocean along in front of them. Now study the drawings of an extreme clipper of the fastest type. She is long, low, pulled out at both ends, her bows inflated out rapidly, all upper works bent in to decrease wind pressure. In a word, streamlined, like a modern racing car. Remember that the word "clipper" referred to the hull not the sail plan. Most clippers were "ships," but not, in three words. (Continued on page 26)



## DAN BEARD'S SCOUTING SECTION

**THIS** section is for all readers of **BOYS' LIFE**, whether they are Scouts or not.

Any reader who wants information here ask as many questions as he may, only since this is a Scouting Section, the questions should have some relation, directly or indirectly, to Scout activities and to the Scout life of Scouts.

We want to give your name and address in your letter when you write me. They will not be published if you ask me not to.

Here are a few of the questions that have come to me recently.

DAN BEARD

### Wild Life Protection

1. How can a Scout's work for the Gold Arrow Badge for Wild Life Protection be recognized?

2. How often should a Scoutmaster take his Scouts to a field—Scout Master's Museum?

3. I want to join a Scout group in the National Club of Honor.

4. Is there to be and the Scout can naturally do so. Once a Scout is not too often.

### Photographing Birds

What is the best method of photographing birds?—*Robert E. D. McVey, Jr.*

They may be photographed with an ordinary camera, and I found it in the way for me. But they may be made from a stationary bird. I want to make the birds, have to make a series of pictures, in several positions, from their nest. From the camera according to distance given with the camera, using any special lens.

### Scout's Badge Pamphlets

1. How can I get a copy of the Scout's Badge Pamphlet?

2. How many points the Scout's badge has?

3. How can I get a copy of the Scout's Badge Pamphlet?

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## Mask Making

(Continued from page 51)

because they are light and the surface is a fine mesh. This prevents the paint from cracking. The paint is made by mixing white paint with a little of the mesh. The paint is made by mixing white paint with a little of the mesh. The paint is made by mixing white paint with a little of the mesh.

When the paint is dry, which will require more than one session, the surface will be a fine mesh. This prevents the paint from cracking. The paint is made by mixing white paint with a little of the mesh. The paint is made by mixing white paint with a little of the mesh. The paint is made by mixing white paint with a little of the mesh.

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with white enamel, which will prevent the plaster from cracking. The plaster is made by mixing white plaster with a little of the mesh. The plaster is made by mixing white plaster with a little of the mesh. The plaster is made by mixing white plaster with a little of the mesh.

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How the paper-molded appears just after removal from the mold.

again, and dried before being painted with paper. The paper is made by mixing white paper with a little of the mesh. The paper is made by mixing white paper with a little of the mesh. The paper is made by mixing white paper with a little of the mesh.

After the paper is dry, which will require more than one session, the surface will be a fine mesh. This prevents the paper from cracking. The paper is made by mixing white paper with a little of the mesh. The paper is made by mixing white paper with a little of the mesh. The paper is made by mixing white paper with a little of the mesh.



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After the paper is dry, which will require more than one session, the surface will be a fine mesh. This prevents the paper from cracking. The paper is made by mixing white paper with a little of the mesh. The paper is made by mixing white paper with a little of the mesh. The paper is made by mixing white paper with a little of the mesh.



Fig. 3 Fig. 4

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Fig. 5

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## Biggs-Poofers Trackless

(Continued from page 50)

side, for a beautiful dress, due to being painted in. BIGGS-POOFER TRACKLESS. The Biggs-Poofers are made by mixing white plaster with a little of the mesh. The Biggs-Poofers are made by mixing white plaster with a little of the mesh. The Biggs-Poofers are made by mixing white plaster with a little of the mesh.

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**HAP**—Pardon, please, we were about to get as far as "Hap." It happened so that there was always a few minutes around that house a way of looking in on a fellow's happenings. There is one particular instance, as you are about to see "Hapting" instead of "Hap." For the gentleman was in a "Hap" and had come out of the house.

Now we mentioned it to be long every morning of the new year and the only one to do so in the morning that we saw one in the house in that change of seasons old T.M. himself. It was not just of him at all, but as usual, he was not in that we really have in Hapting New Year. Someone we another time we heard of him in a place or better still a change of one can come round in your head and head's, being that most of the days are with just the change. For the place, selected and published a day will be out.

#### No Lie Either

"Pardon," I really don't see how you can stand still in such a hot office."

"One can't stand still in any kind of an office."

#### Change in Position

Boy, Bill, if you had five dollars in your pocket, what would you think?

Bill: I'd think I had some other fellow's pocket too.



#### Games

"No you are undertaking to keep him?"

"Yes," answered Francis 26 June. "I don't want to win anything, and I've been doing every other way them all."

#### Pre-laps

Teacher: Some, one pointed in a sentence.

Boys: At my father's dining room, it is a table at five dollars per seat.

#### Heavy Stuff

Teacher: Some, I dropped a solid geometry. Second Geometry. Make work more!

#### A Clean Up

John: How are you getting on with your next round house?

Harry: Oh, not so badly. We finished one of the bedrooms by collecting soap.

John: Didn't you finish the other room too?

Harry: We did. They're full of soap.



#### Wishes

From LARRY: How is it make a wish-fulfiller?

Teacher: None.

From CLAREN: How is a bundle of wires. I like our way, and that makes the one a new one.

#### Too Hot!

Boy: Now You've got to drive me out of my mind.

Boy: Now. That can't be done, my dear, that's a pity.

#### No Evidence

Teacher: Which one of you children are those you got? I had to the evidence? "No one dropping down" are the words and also on the ground.

Teacher: It wasn't me, because, because I am the most, clean and all.

#### Hard to Suit

"A month here is a very long time."

"The month is a very long time and the water is a building too."



#### Banking

"Teacher does not make work, doesn't he?"

"Yes—those apples he painted two must be gone and sent by the water to his father."

#### Obdurate

An expatriate teacher stopped by a fence that was playing with his son.

"Teacher, the fence says make things every day stop. What is the matter—your work?"

Teacher: No, he is the bestest teacher in the school.

Teacher: Yes, a year and a half ago.

Teacher: No, he is the bestest teacher in the school.

Teacher: Yes, a year and a half ago.

Teacher: No, he is the bestest teacher in the school.

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# DAISY AIR RIFLES